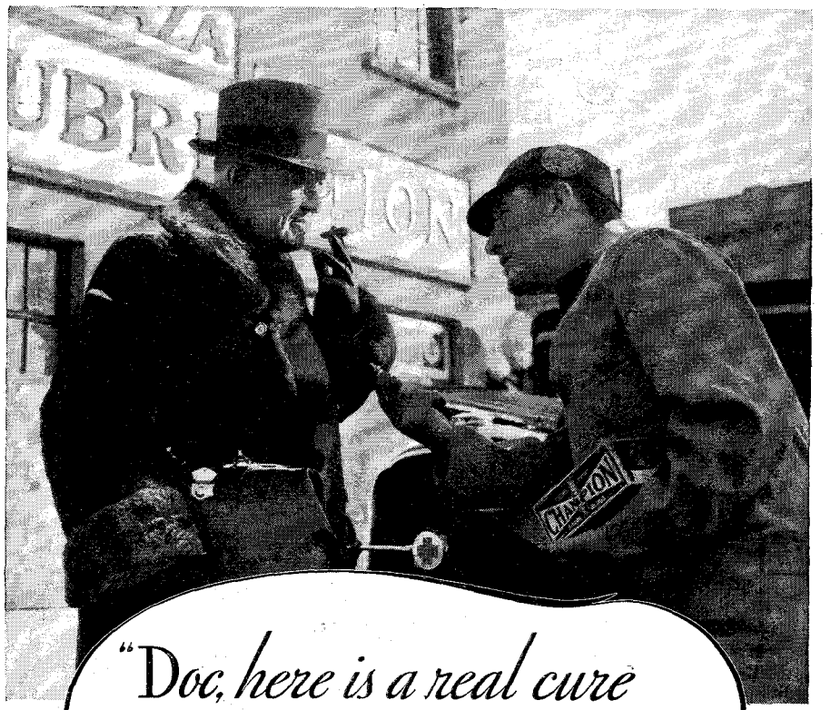

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THE LITERARY DIGEST
for MARCH 4, 1933

VOLUME 115 NUMBER 9

Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00, six months; 10 cents a copy; Canada, $6.60 a year; $3.30, six months; 15 cents a copy; other foreign countries $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal*, *discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary,* 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 14 Salisbury Square. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Chicago, Ill., and Columbus, O. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

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How do *you* know *you can't WRITE?*

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Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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CURRENT POETRY

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UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

You must take a long breath, for this poem consists of but one sentence, and that a question. But in asking the question Mr. Aiken seems to ponder all the ironies of destiny. In *The Atlantic Monthly* (Boston):

PRELUDE

By Conrad Aiken

If one voice, not another, must speak first,
out of the silence, the stillness, the preceding—
speaking clearly, speaking slowly, measuring calmly
the heavy syllables of doubt, or of despair—
speaking passionately, speaking bitterly, hunger or hope
ordering the words that are like sounds of flame:
if one speaks first, before that other or the third,
out of silence bringing the dark message,
the grave and great acceptance of the rock,
the huge world, held in the huge hand of faith:

and if it says, I hold the world like this;
here in the light, amid these crumbling walls;
here in the half-light, the deceptive moment,
here in the darkness like a candle lifted—
take it, relieve me of it, bear it away;
have it, now and forever, for your own;
this that was mine, this that my voice made mine,
this that my word has shaped for you—

if this voice speaks before us, speaks before
ourselves can speak, challenging thus the dark;
waking the sleeping watcher from his sleep,
altering the dreamer's dream while still he dreams;
so that on waking—ah, what despair he knows!
to learn that while he slept the world was made—
made by that voice, and himself made no less,
and now inalterably curved forever—

yes, if to wake, to cease to dream, be this,
to face a "self" made ready while we slept,
shaped in the world's shape by the single voice—
if thus we wake—too late—and find ourselves
already weeping, already upon the road
that climbs past shame and pain to crucifixion—
seeing at once, with eyes just opened, the world,
vast, bright, and cruciform, on which so soon
ascending we must die—

and to look backward,
but know no turning back; to go forward,
even as we turn our faces to the past;
still gazing downward from the hill we climb,
searching the dark for that strange dream we had,
which the voice altered and broke—

ah, can it comfort us,
us helpless, us thus shaped by a word,
sleepwalking shadows in the voice-shaped world,
ah, can it comfort us that we ourselves
will bear the word with us, we too, we too
to speak, again, again, again, again,—
ourselves the voice for those not yet awakened,—
altering the dreams of those who dream and shaping,
while still they sleep, their inescapable pain?

Midland (Chicago) happens on an answer to Mr. Aiken:

FAREWELL TO FAREWELLS AND PRELUDES

By Hoyt Hudson

He comes and picks up apples in cold rain
for fifty cents. He walked the streets all morning
here are the storm-dropped apples here the man
soaked through "I can't get any wetter"
he says and fifty cents is fifty cents
Animal heat is in him heat and hunger too
hot sausages and coffee feed the heat
and fight the hunger.

Men of forty fifty
eat their bowls of slum and feel their shoe-soles
where pavements wear them thin fearing the hole
has gone clear through. Winter comes on partner
leaves now are shed and broken sticks have blown
from branches that are dead. Men walk the roads
thumbing their rides to Trenton or to Scranton
these are the dumb whose faces have been kicked
until their mouths are silent.

Shall I read
some poet pen-man word-man? One writes preludes
endlessly, knowing that no deed or drama
waits on his prelude's ending. He has lost the feel
of action lost the hardness of things' edges
the heft and texture even clods could give
would he lift clods. In all his ambit now
blurs nuzzle blurs and shadows merge with shadows
while whispering and muttered music makes
a prelude empty of all expectation.
One writes farewells: no more he says will things
be as they were that week that day that time
never again shall we be driving drinking
or fighting loving as we were that week
that day that time farewell 'tis gone adieu
ah nevermore.

So what?
This morning sun arose
to lend a pale shine to November boughs
and drive much hungry obstinate flesh again
to tiring pavements and bleak roads. Flesh arose
guarding its intimate fire and waves of blood
flooded all hidden rivers with their lading
of heat and hunger, senses took up tasks
again as sodden sentries walk their posts.

Now when one speaks to me let him be one
with doggedness with fire inside his belly
who knows the thrust of cold roads on thin shoes
who sees the sun-drawn edge of brittle branches
whose hands have broken clods. I am thirsty
for strong and beady song for poets' vintage
for troubling liquor orient in the glass
for potent drink gembright with nimble flame
at each drop's heart.

Yet better I say one
sheer taste of salt better a draught of brine
or wintry bitterness of aloes better grit
between the teeth better the stinging skin
of scraped hands on sharp gravel than just blurs
or impotent regrets. Bring me that music
muted and low but that metallic music
singing within the cells of him who picks up apples
there in the cold rain this November day
for fifty cents and sausages and coffee
bring me the words profane or trivial
that keep cold feet alternate moving
keep sentry senses at their posts and drive
flesh obstinate unbroken to arise
and clothe itself and take the kicks.

Farewell
a curt farewell to all farewells and preludes.

Poetry is a democratic institution. In Japan Emperor and clown enter into competition in the nation-wide New Year contest. 43,837 contestants submitted poems, says the United Press, and five of the winning poems were read in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, whose contributions are given below:

THE MORNING SEA

By Emperor Hirohito

We pray to the gods
Of heaven and earth
That our reign be peaceful,
Like the waveless sea of morning.

The stanza submitted by Empress Nagako was.

My mind is refreshed
As I see the New Year's sun
Calmly rising
From the mountainous sea.

Translation to English from Japanese destroys the meter and rime.

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Men who "know it all" are not invited to read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment.

It is a personal message to the man who realizes that business conditions have radically changed in the last few years, and that there is a whole new set of rules to be mastered. He feels that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business.

We should like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "What an Executive Should Know" and it will be sent without obligation.

It tells about the Institute's Course and Service for men who want to become independent in the next five years. Among the contributors to the Course are:

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., *President*, General Motors Corporation.

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *President*, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

HON. WILL H. HAYS, *President*, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, formerly U. S. Postmaster General.

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THOMAS J. WATSON, *President*, International Business Machines Corporation.

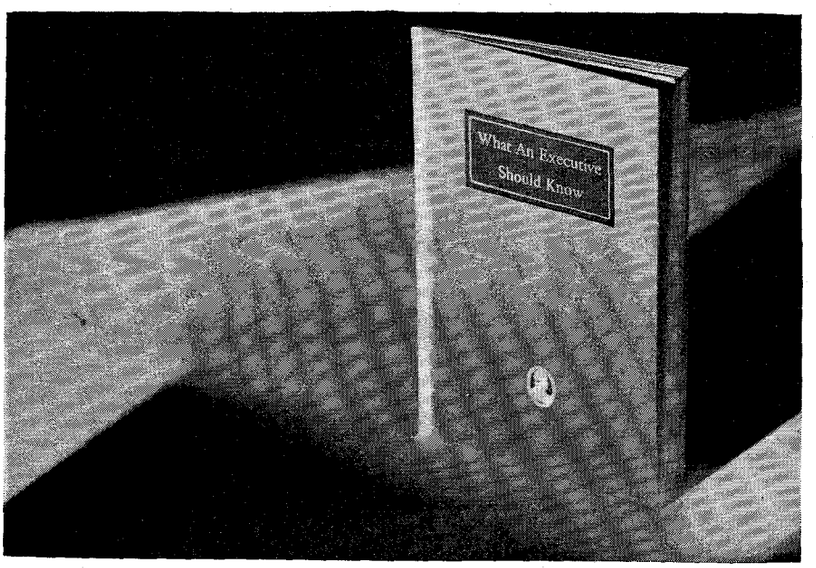
DEXTER S. KIMBALL, *Dean, College of Engineering*, Cornell University.

Can any ambitious man fail to get something of value from contact with minds like these? Here are a few examples, selected from many hundreds, showing how this organized knowledge is translated into added earning power:

CASE 1. Works Engineer, salary $6,000; now Vice-President and General Manager, salary $18,000.

CASE 2. Local Manager at $5,200; now Regional Manager, salary $15,000.

CASE 3. Production Manager, salary $6,000; now President, salary $21,600.



For the Man who wants to be Independent in the next 5 years

THE little book pictured above should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the next five years. It explains some of the changes which are taking place in the business world today. It tells how you can equip yourself to take your place in the new business structure with confidence and increased earning power. It contains the condensed results of 20 years' experience in helping men to forge ahead financially.

Send for this Booklet

For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job, the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who could double their financial security if they believed in themselves and had solid business knowledge to back up their belief.

Why not investigate *now?* The booklet pictured at the left costs nothing and places you under no obligation.

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 698 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

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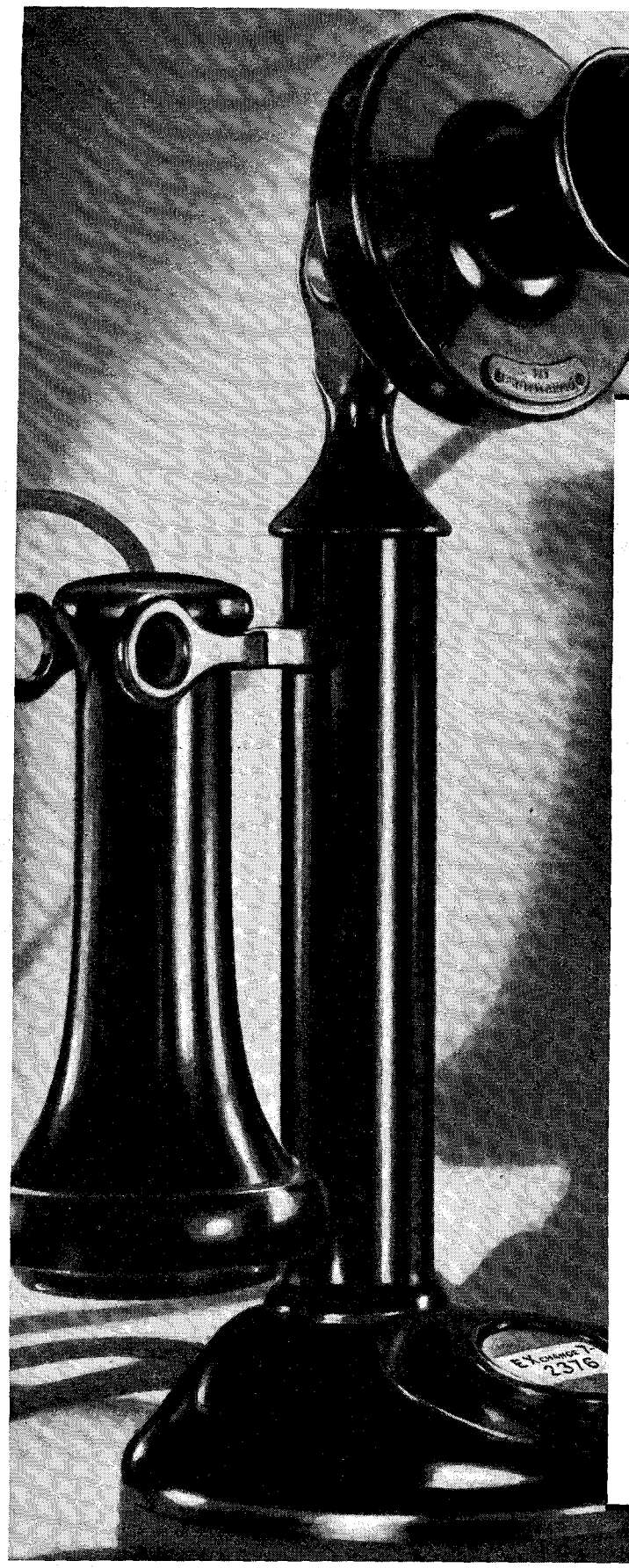

THE most valuable things on earth are the commonest things. Gifts of Mother Nature—air, rain, sunlight and colors in the sky, grass underfoot and foliage overhead. Gifts of human nature — love, loyalty, handclasps and friendly speech.

Then, of material things, some of the most useful are the commonest and cheapest. These we take almost for granted. There is no way to reckon their actual worth.

It is a great tribute to the value of the telephone that within a few short generations it has come to be ranked among these common things. Its daily use is a habit of millions of people. It speeds and eases and simplifies living. It extends the range of your own personality. It offers you gayety, solace, security — a swift messenger in time of need.

Daily it saves untold expense and waste, multiplies earning power, sweeps away confusion. Binds together the human fabric. Helps the individual man and woman to triumph over the complexities of a vast world.

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1933

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Grave Problems the New President Faces

WHAT ARE THE NEW PRESIDENT'S thoughts as he takes the oath of office, and reviews the glittering parade that symbolizes the nation's acclaim?

No new Executive was ever given such a foretaste of his perils as Franklin Roosevelt had when he narrowly missed death at the hands of the would-be assassin Zangara, only a few days before going to the White House.

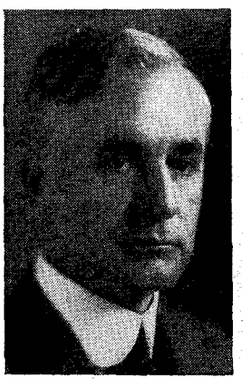
And yet, as David Lawrence of the Consolidated Press points out, the attempt on his life has brought a great tide of friendly feeling toward Roosevelt, and it would not be surprizing to this clear-eyed watcher of the political scene if Roosevelt entered the White House with a country united as strongly in support of him as it was in support of President Wilson when we entered the World War.

Franklin D. Roosevelt knows, as well as any one else, that he takes charge of the Government in a greater crisis than has confronted any other President except George Washington and Abraham Lincoln—Wilson's great crisis came after he had served his first term.

The whole country, to use the phrase of an Iowa editor, looks to the new President as "the key-stone to recovery."

Congress has just given him almost dictatorial powers over reorganization of the government machinery in the direction of economy. When the time comes for President Roosevelt to present his definite program to end the depression, Congress, says Senator Wheeler of Montana, "will jump through a hoop to put it through." After all, declares Frank Kent in his Baltimore *Sun* column, Mr. Roosevelt can really make himself a dictator—and a constitutional one. To do this, we are told, "four things are essential—first, a revival of the party caucus that will insure party solidity behind his recommendations; second, leadership in the new House, and this means an effective Speaker; third, use of his Federal patronage to keep Senatorial weaklings in line; fourth, grim determination itself."

How Franklin Roosevelt wields the tremendous power that will be in his hands, remarks the New York *Times*, "will depend upon his resourcefulness, his determination, and his resolve to assert and exercise the full authority of the President."



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CORDELL HULL
of Tennessee.
Secretary of State.

© International

WILLIAM H. WOODIN
of New York.
Secretary of the Treasury.

Key Men of the Roosevelt Cabinet

WHAT kind of President will Roosevelt be? That is what everybody is asking. One might guess, writes William Hard in the Washington *Evening Star*, "that Mr. Roosevelt might temperamentally prefer the rôle of a party moderator, but the circumstances are combining and conspiring to thrust upon him the rôle of a party master."

The whole country, continues Mr. Hard, "lies under a blight of indecisiveness. Among members of Congress, and just as much among the master minds of finance, business, and the academic world, all sorts of ideas are buzzing about "in uncontrolled and contradictory disorder." Here are deflationists, reflationists, and inflationists. Here are those who would bring back prosperity by "buying American," with the idea that prosperity begins at home; and others who would "do business, coming and going, backward and forward, throughout the habitable globe, and trust to the notion that what is good for the globe will ultimately be good for Galesburg." This confusion of counsel, we read on, explains why Congress and the people want definite leadership:

"The country is tired of going nowhere with the mob. It wants to go somewhere with a man.

"Mr. Roosevelt has immense political astuteness. Putting his opportunity and his character together, this writer estimates and surmises as follows: The country and the Congress do not want Mr. Roosevelt as President to query. They want him to command. He therefore will."

THE merest glance at the important problems facing Mr. Roosevelt emphasizes their diversity and gravity, says the Nashville *Banner:*

"There is the balancing of the budget of the nation, a task which he inherits from the preceding Administration and Congress. The issue of taxation is directly concerned, and is at the front throughout the country.

"The problem of farm relief is pressing for solution, and is fundamental to the economic recovery of the nation.

"The reorganization of the departments of government as a prime factor in the reduction of its present excessive cost; coordination of Federal and State administrative activities as far as possible to relieve distress, an objective which is responsible for the conference of Governors to be held at the White House two days after his inauguration; a condition of acute distress which finds its resultant in 12,000,000 unemployed citizens, with a third of the nation's entire population directly affected; formulation of a tariff policy, and the disposition of at least the important features of patronage and appointments—assuredly these form a formidable array of matters of domestic concern.

"But this is only a part of the picture.

"International questions of tremendous moment are pressing for attention: war debts, disarmament, the approaching World Economic Conference, stabilization of currencies.

"The issues which Mr. Roosevelt will face, the problems for the solution of which he must accept responsible direction, are those of a nation and a whole people, and rise far above parties or politics. If ever American sentiment, regardless of section or party, should concentrate its power and demands in support of a man who has been called to a great trust, one involving the welfare, the stability, and, it may be, the destiny, in great measure, of the country, that obligation will rest upon the people of the United States when Franklin D. Roosevelt takes the oath of office."

"No President has ever inherited such a load of problems and

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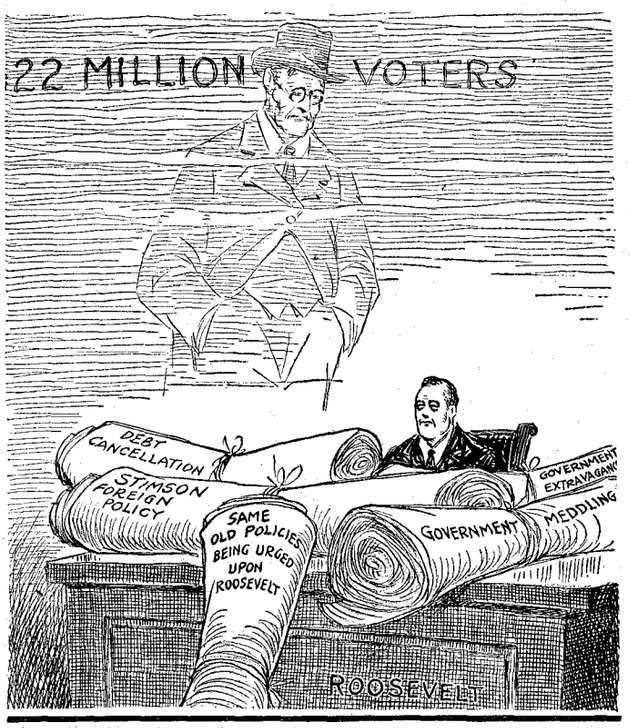
responsibilities as Roosevelt," writes Elliott Thurston from Washington to the Philadelphia *Record*.

In rural Mississippi, the Jackson *Daily News* bids us "look at the picture flung into the face of Franklin Roosevelt":

"Ships are tied up in harbors and their hulls are rotting; freight-trains are idle; passenger-cars empty; 11,000,000 people are without work; business is at a standstill; the treasury building is bursting with gold, yet Congress wrestles with a deficit mounting into the billions, the result of wild and extravagant spending; granaries are overflowing with wheat and corn; cotton is a drug on the market; food crops are gigantic and unsalable, yet millions beg for food; mines are shut down; oil industries are



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"Remember, I Voted for a Change!"
—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

engaged in cutthroat competition; farmers are desperate, taking the law into their own hands to prevent foreclosures; factories are idle; industry is paralyzed; 200,000 to 300,000 beardless boys are drifting aimlessly along the highways; an active smokestack is a curiosity."

"To figure out something definite, to propose ways and means of getting back on the highway, to formulate constructive policies, to lash a laggard Congress into action, is the task of Roosevelt—the most stupendous task any human being ever assumed." And yet the Mississippi editor has faith that the new President, while not a superman, may be "a man of destiny":

"Physical handicaps do not discourage him; crippled limbs do not depress his sunny spirit; bullets from an assassin's gun do not frighten him; not even the power of Tammany can deter him from the performance of a plain duty."

Not quite so certain is William Allen White, who writes of Roosevelt for the North American Newspaper Alliance—

"No one knows his heart and few have seen behind the masking smile that wreathes his face.

"We have had to be satisfied with urbanity when we needed wisdom, with mystery when we should have a complete understanding. We are putting our hands in a grab-bag. Heaven only knows what we shall pull out.

"Yet upon this man's character rather than upon his wisdom depends the immediate future of the United States. Not so much depends upon how wise he is as upon how brave he is, how fair he is, and how he reaches the affections and so holds the confidence of the American people.

"In a word, it isn't so much his intelligence as his nerve. He might be infinitely wise and fail if he wabbles. A fool who will do something and stick to it and pound out a policy in this crisis, a fool who can lead is better than a wise man who can fumble."

And here is a word of advice from a spokesman of that newspaper profession which has so much to do with the impression a President makes on the country. Says *The Editor and Publisher* (New York):

"What the country needs, if we are to shake off the torpors of fear and hopelessness, is a series of blinding head-lines proclaiming action, resolute leadership, a firm grip at the controls.

"It is our feeling that the President must work rapidly and openly, speaking his mind in plain terms, not in the riddles of diplomacy, if he is to succeed in creating the psychological reaction that is so desperately needed as basis for a thorough-going reorganization of national and international affairs.

"Blinding head-lines . . . let them come! The people and the press await with bated breath. Millions of intelligent, patriotic, earnest citizens, party lines forgotten, are ready to spring to the standards in defense of American principles at the President's call. This country is to be saved to its people, its revered policies kept intact. We have faith that political leadership and constitutional action can achieve that end."

Naturally some line on the President's policies was obtained when his Cabinet choices became known. A Democratic characterization of the entire Cabinet as "a rare piece of political craftsmanship" is quoted by the New York *Herald Tribune*. President Roosevelt has a Cabinet that will work with him, is the way the New York *Times* sums it all up. Some disappointment is voiced over the non-inclusion of some of the great Democratic leaders whose names have been discust so freely ever since the election. But realizing that facts are facts—the New York *Herald Tribune* thinks "the country will be slow to criticize Mr. Roosevelt for his failure to assemble a Cabinet of prima donnas."

The choice of Mr. Hull for the State Department and Mr. Woodin for the Treasury was generally applauded by the press as placing those key positions in the hands of able, conservative, experienced men, on whose loyalty the President can count.

Cordell Hull of Tennessee was a member of the House of Representatives continuously from 1906 till 1930, with the exception of one term. He was elected to the Senate in 1930. He is described as a modest, quiet, logical, humorless man, who has become the leading authority on the tariff in Congress. While he has never held any diplomatic post or any membership on any international commission he has been a careful student of foreign problems, and a New York *Times* correspondent hears the remark about Mr. Hull "that if he ever took the examination for appointment in the foreign service of the State Department, he could pass with a mark of 100." He is a Protestant and a dry, an active political leader, and, as the Charlotte *Observer* notes, he is the first Southerner to be Secretary of State since John C. Calhoun. Many press writers consider it extremely significant that Mr. Hull has for years strongly advocated reciprocal tariff reductions as an aid to world economic recovery.

William H. Woodin, on the other hand, has no political past. Up to 1928 he was a Republican. He is a millionaire industrialist, having been president of the American Car and Foundry Company since 1922. "Slender, of medium height, with light hair, blue eyes, and a keen, pleasant face, he possesses an unhurried, agreeable manner," according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, which considers him "a man of infinite variety," being a numismatist, a print collector, and a composer of fine music. In fact, Mr. Woodin wrote the "Franklin Delano Roosevelt March" for the inaugural. Mr. Woodin wouldn't say anything to the reporters about policies, but, according to the United Press, did remark that he had heard that Austen Chamberlain, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, was also a musician, and suggested that, "this might result in some harmony." He added: "From now on I will probably be more interested in Federal Reserve notes than musical notes."

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States Preparing for the Great Repeal Battle

NOW THE PEOPLE can decide, after more than thirteen years of Prohibition.

The opportunity for a direct voice on the bitterest issue since slavery comes to them almost a year after the great LITERARY DIGEST Prohibition poll of 1932, which showed all but two States favoring repeal.

Surprizing the country, the lame-duck Congress, hitherto stanchly dry, reverses itself "in a stampede toward repeal," to permit the people to decide Prohibition's fate.

The drys, whose long, unrelenting fight finally put Prohibition into the Constitution, are ready to give their last ounce of strength to keep it there.

To do so they must hold thirteen States in line. Can they do it?

"No surrender, no retreat, no compromise," is their slogan, coined by Edward Dunford, counsel of the Anti-Saloon League. "The wet Prohibition repeal program will be fought to a finish at the State capitals, before the people in the election of delegates, and in legal proceedings, if necessary."

To kill Prohibition the wets must get thirty-six States to ratify the Twenty-first Amendment. Can they do it?

Jubilant over the action of Congress in passing the resolution for repeal, the wets admit that they must stage a terrific fight to achieve their goal.

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The Hardest Part Is Yet to Come

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

BUT not more than two States, let alone thirteen, will vote against the repeal of Prohibition, as shown by THE LITERARY DIGEST'S polls. Kansas and North Carolina were the only dry States in the latest poll, and these by scant margins.

Our first Prohibition poll, taken eleven years ago, showed a strong anti-Prohibition sentiment, and the same was true of our 1930 poll. Thus THE DIGEST reflected the will of the people eleven years in advance of the legislators.

At the risk of seeming to pat itself on the back, but with a high pride in the accuracy of its polls, whose integrity often has been attacked, THE DIGEST begs leave to point out how it has served as the voice of the people in several great issues.

In 1924 it forecast the election of Calvin Coolidge as President with a margin of error of less than 2 per cent.

In 1928 it was 95.6 per cent. correct in revealing that Herbert Hoover would defeat Alfred E. Smith, and that the "Solid South" would be shattered.

In 1932 it was 99.6 per cent. correct in forecasting the electoral vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt, and 98.89 per cent. correct in forecasting the popular vote.

In view of this record, and with the results of the 1932 Prohibition poll in mind, it would seem that the drys will be unable to get more than one or two States to vote against ratification of repeal.

Excitement grips the country as the new battle begins. Various States rush to be the first to stab Prohibition. Dry leaders hurriedly launch their drive to block repeal. A meeting at Washington to map the strategy of all the dry forces is called for next week. Wets line up for a heavy campaign, which, they admit, may take two years, altho they hope for success by next fall.

Adding to the general frenzy is the confusion over proper procedure toward repeal. The Congressional resolution provides for action by conventions in the various States. But how shall the delegates be chosen? Shall Congress set a day for the election of the delegates? Shall the initiative be left to the State Legislatures? Or might the Legislatures delay interminably?

This is the first time, we read, that a Constitutional question has been submitted to State conventions. Hence the confusion as many plans of procedure are advanced.

All this came about as a result of quick, amazing action in the last days of the lame-duck session. At the climax, the stocky, pink-faced Speaker Garner of the House rapped for order and uttered historic words that electrified the nation:

"On this roll-call the ayes were 289 and the nays 121."

It was all over, so far as Congress was concerned. It had passed the issue back to the people.

MORE surprizing than the House action, to Washington observers, was the vote in the Senate, taken four days before, on February 16. Previously, we read, no anti-Prohibition measure had been able to command thirty votes in the Senate. And so, with a two-thirds majority required, the wets had abandoned all hope of getting anything done before the special session to be called by Mr. Roosevelt.

But the tall, broad-shouldered Democratic leader, Senator Joseph T. Robinson, did not give up. He forced action. A dry filibuster was squelched. Up came the Blaine repeal resolution, girdled with amendments.

One by one, these were stript away. At last only one remained—Federal protection for dry States. Differing thus slightly from outright repeal, and despite the bitter attacks of dry Senators, the measure rode through by the astounding vote of 63 to 23, five more than the necessary two-thirds. Backing the resolution were thirty-three Democrats, twenty-nine Republicans, and one Farmer-Labor member; opposed, fourteen Republicans and nine Democrats.

The resolution was pronounced satisfactory by Speaker Garner, who had refused to let anything but "naked repeal" come before the House, and the Representatives cleared decks for action on February 20.

In a scene of wild disorder, after only forty minutes of slam-bang debate, they put through the Blaine resolution, 289-121, and yelled their delight. It was fifteen votes more than the needed two-thirds majority. One hundred and nine Republicans joined with 179 Democrats and the Farmer-Labor member to pass the resolution, while eighty-nine Republicans and thirty-two Democrats opposed it.

This meant that nine Democrats and six Republicans had switched to the wet side since the opening day of the session, when "naked repeal," forced to a vote by Speaker Garner, failed

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by six votes of the two-thirds majority. The count was 272 to 144.

In the final scene of the long and bitter Congressional fight, the majority joined with Representative Frank Oliver, New York Democrat, who shouted: "Let's have one on the House. Prosit!"

"They yelled," says Arthur Hachten, Washington correspondent of Universal Service, "like schoolboys over a football victory."

Thus was the dry grip on Congress broken, after fifteen years.

The Dying Kick

—Knott in the Dallas "News."

Presidential action being unnecessary, the Blaine resolution was signed by Speaker Garner and Vice-President Curtis and rushed to Secretary of State Stimson, for transmission by him to the Governors.

With forty-one Legislatures in session and two others about to meet, the business of setting up machinery for the conventions got away to a flying start. Wyoming already had made provision for holding its convention.

Wets are confident that the next few months will see action in many States, altho the Blaine resolution provides a period of seven years for ratification.

As some wet leaders plunge ahead to get quick action, others counsel caution to make certain of correct procedure and avoid litigation and delay. Many frown upon any Federal move to bring about the conventions, preferring to leave the initiative entirely to the States. Sentiment seems to be crystallizing behind the plan for the election of delegates at large, rather than district representation, since the former, it is argued, would provide a fairer test.

Altho the drys are preparing to fight in every State, they count their chances best in sixteen States, according to Albert L. Warner, Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

In listing these, it is interesting to note how they voted on the issue of repeal in the LITERARY DIGEST poll of 1932. The only two States that voted against repeal in the poll were Kansas, with a dry percentage of 50.23, and North Carolina, 50.05.

The other States listed by Mr. Warner, together with their wet percentages in the poll are: Oklahoma, 54.8; Iowa, 63.4; Georgia, 63.8; Utah, 69.6; Nebraska, 62.9; Kentucky, 67.4; Tennessee, 51.6; North Dakota, 76.5; South Dakota, 69; New Hampshire, 68.9; South Carolina, 60; Alabama, 55.4; Mississippi, 56.2; Florida, 74.9.

Reviewing the history of Prohibition, Edwin C. Hill, political observer and radio commentator, tells of the part played by THE LITERARY DIGEST'S 1932 poll in revealing public sentiment on the question of repeal:

"Unwilling to permit the public to express, in any fashion, its opinion on the dry law, the bone drys had blocked various attempts to secure an authentic referendum. Then THE LITERARY DIGEST, with considerable courage, polled the country, revealing an overwhelming desire not only for modification of the Volstead Law, but for outright repeal of the EighteenthAmendment.

"Only two States—Kansas and North Carolina—voted dry in that sweeping poll.

"It was an eye-opener. Congressmen and political bosses, who had taken the word of the drys that the American people were solidly for Prohibition, world without end, discovered that quite the contrary was the truth. Confirmation of THE LITERARY DIGEST poll was to come with emphatic force in the national election of November.

"Signs had been unmistakable for several years that the country was heading for a change. THE LITERARY DIGEST polls had shown a swing from modification to outright repeal."

STARTLING as was the sudden about-face of Congress, a comparison of the vote with THE LITERARY DIGEST'S 1932 poll "indicates that the residents of the States to which ratification of repeal must now be submitted are even wetter in sentiment than their representatives in Congress." This is pointed out by the New York *Times*, which continues:

"THE LITERARY DIGEST sent out 20,000,000 ballots a year ago this month and received back and tabulated 4,668,537 of them before its poll closed at the end of April. Of these 3,431,877 were for repeal and 1,236,660 were for continuance of Prohibition, or 73 per cent. were wet and 27 per cent. were dry.

"Forty-six States voted wet in the magazine's poll and the only two which went dry, Kansas and North Carolina, did so in each case by a very slender margin. Kansas voted dry by 397 votes out of 84,121 ballots cast, and North Carolina by only 68 votes out of 64,790."

THEN *The Times* proceeds with an analysis of the repeal vote in House and Senate:

"In the Senate last week both members from twenty-seven States supported the resolution for submission of repeal, and the Representatives from fifteen other States were equally divided. Both Senators of six States, Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Oklahoma, voted against repeal.

"The vote in the House showed a majority of the Representatives from thirty-one States voting wet; the Representatives from seven other States equally divided, and the Representatives from ten States preponderantly dry. Of the ten dry States, the delegations from Kansas and Maine were solidly against repeal; the delegations from Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, Mississippi, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oklahoma, and South Dakota were split.

"The only State with all its representatives in both Houses as dry was Kansas. But North Carolina, the other State which was dry in THE DIGEST'S poll, registered both its votes in the Senate and its entire slate of ten votes in the House for submission of repeal.

"The States which were predominantly dry in both the Senate and the House were Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Oklahoma. The vote in each of these States recorded by THE LITERARY DIGEST was as follows:

State	*For Repeal*	*Against*
Colorado	22,887	14,870
Idaho	10,710	5,313
Iowa	57,874	32,480
Kansas	41,862	42,259
Nebraska	33,222	19,790
Oklahoma	30,004	25,026"

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Japan Leading the World to the Brink of War

DOTS AND DASHES—dashes and dots!

Mysterious signals crackle through the air, girdle the globe east and west.

Radio operators in the broadcasting station of the League of Nations in Geneva are making world history.

For ten hours on February 17 those mysterious signals tell the world that, for the first time in history, one nation is being "morally outlawed by the formal judgment of the whole world," as the Richmond *News Leader* put it.

Translated from the Morse code, those dots and dashes become the 15,000-word report of the Committee of Nineteen condemning Japan's action in Manchuria. They put an end to seventeen months' effort on the part of the League of Nations to influence Japan. And they open, in the opinion of certain authorities, a new world drama. "This most challenging spectacle of the times," the Wichita *Eagle* names it.

Events march swiftly. Climax caps climax, as newspaper readers realize. One crisis surges forward into another even more ominous. Fully conscious of the gravity of its actions, the Assembly of the League of Nations, representing a consortium of fifty-seven civilized nations, adopts the committee's report, with only Japan dissenting.

FROM our point of vantage, we seem like spectators of some great world newsreel, grinding relentlessly and bringing us from all parts of the globe fresh evidence that we are standing on the brink of some great abysmal cleavage dividing the Western World from the Far East. From this "newsreel" let us clip a few striking snapshots:

TOKYO: Feeling grows among the Japanese that events are shaping toward a second World War, with Japan in the position that Germany occupied in 1914. . . . "An economic boycott would be treated in the same manner as a declaration of war and would be answered in terms of war." (By cable to the New York *Herald Tribune*.)

In the event of an economic boycott, "Japan would be compelled to blockade the ports of China, shutting off all Chinese trade with other countries, and securing the markets and products of China exclusively for Japan."

JEHOL: "Whole trainloads of American motor-trucks, motorcycles and other equipment have been seen at railroad stations near the border." This press dispatch suggests to the Baltimore *Sun* that "Mr. Stimson's efforts to prevent a conflict have not been uniformly supported at home. . . . Despite the valuable aid supplied to Japan by American, British, and French manufacturers of motor-trucks, guns, ammunition, and airplanes, Japan is arousing the opposition of the whole world."

WASHINGTON: "Japan during all of 1932 bought 28 per cent. more American raw cotton than in the previous year, and trebled its purchases here of kerosene oil. Additional purchases included 33 per cent. more crude petroleum and 16 per cent. more lead. . . ." (Special to the New York *Times*.)

LONDON: British Cabinet decides that Great Britain can not act independently for an effective arms embargo on the Far East. Cooperation by other arms-exporting countries, cables the Associated Press, is essential for any such plan, Britain's Cabinet Ministers hold.

Opposition press in London clamors for withholding war supplies from Japan. *The Star* suggests that the United States would be only too glad to bar munitions shipments if requested to do so by Great Britain.

The London *Times* sees no reason "why these nations should facilitate hostilities by allowing fresh supplies of arms to reach the belligerents."

A Canadian Press dispatch from London, in the New York *Times*, estimates war supplies sent from England to China and Japan. According to statistics of the British Government for 1932, the largest individual items were 7,735,000 small-arms cartridges for China and 5,361,450 for Japan. China bought 312,256 pounds of high explosives, and Japan purchased nearly twice that amount. Japan also purchased 740 machine-guns.

Such rapid glances indicate how all the world is involved in this Far Eastern conflict. Questions crop up in the American press concerning Japan's mandated islands, the Open Door, the Four-Power Treaty.

THE Japanese Navy is prepared for any emergency, according to a cable sent from Tokyo to the New York *Herald Tribune*—it is ready to seize the much-disputed mandated islands. According to the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*, Nippon's naval authorities believe "the final theater for the solution of the Chinese-Japanese conflict will be in the Pacific." This point of view is summed up by this influential Tokyo daily:

"First, the time has come when the settlement of the Manchurian problem will be sought in the Pacific. The Navy, therefore, realizes that it is called to stand in the front line.

Rising Sun—Or Setting?

—Macauley in the New York "Daily Mirror."

"Second, altho the Navy believes that the Japanese mandate over the South Sea Islands will remain intact despite Japan's withdrawal from the League, the Navy considers it indispensable that it make preparations to retain the islands in case the League or any combination of Powers attempts to dispossess Japan by force.

"Third, since disturbance may spread to northern China, the Navy must be prepared to cooperate with the Army for protection of the lives and property of Japanese residents in China.

"Fourth, in case the Chinese resort to an anti-Japanese boycott at Shanghai, Canton, or elsewhere, the Navy must adopt protection measures for Japanese residents.

"Fifth, the Navy does not seriously anticipate that an economic blockade against Japan will be resorted to by the Powers, but the Navy can not leave anything undone in preparation for protection of the national life by maintenance of freedom of navigation."

The problem of the mandated islands may become especially troublesome, predicts the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, because of the importance attached to the strategic points in the Pacific. This daily points out:

"Altho the fortification of these Pacific outposts and their equipment with naval bases are forbidden both by the terms of the mandate and by the Washington Four-Power Treaty, Japan considers them of decided strategic value to her Navy. They project the Japanese flag a thousand miles or more eastward in the Pacific.

"The question of the future of Japan's mandated islands in the North Pacific will arise immediately upon Japan's withdrawal from the League."

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The League's flat condemnation of Japan seems to certain liberal newspapers, including the Scripps-Howard chain to answer its many critics, who have jeered at all former efforts of Geneva. According to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press:* "In issuing this rebuke of Japan the League adds to its stature, and signalizes its revitalized return on the international scene as an effective functioning force." One satisfaction to the Baltimore *Sun* is that the United States, by announcing its refusal to recognize the fruits accruing to Japan from a violation of her treaty obligations, had already put herself on record in this matter.

Despite the "moral victory" of the League, in its indictment of Japan, certain dailies are outspokenly opposed to this country's taking sides in the Far Eastern imbroglio. "There is little sentiment at Washington or in the country at large," claims the Washington *Evening Star*, "in favor of American adhesion to any scheme for exercising forcible pressure on Japan." "Keep out of it!" vehemently admonishes the Philadelphia *Record:*

"The less the pressure on Japan, the sooner the Japanese people are likely to oust the present militarist Cabinet and replace it with a conciliatory civilian one.

"Let the diplomats worry about 'prestige' and 'treaty obligations' and 'the balance of power' and all the other trouble-brewing shibboleths."

THAT veteran columnist of the Hearst papers, Arthur Brisbane, chimes in with the isolationist warning that, "the good old days of shipping billions of American money and millions of men to take part in somebody else's fight have gone by." Similarly, M. E. Tracy, sage of the Scripps-Howard group, sniffs distrustfully at the League's invitation to Russia and America to cooperate—which means, asserts the wary Mr. Tracy, that, "if things come to a showdown, those two countries can have the glorious privilege of enforcing the League's mandate."

Walter Lippmann observes in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The Army has placed Japan on a slippery incline which leads down to disaster, and the time may come when only the friendly assistance of the Powers that have delivered this verdict can save Japan."

Writing from Geneva to the Baltimore *Sun*, Robert Dell expresses his firm conviction that Japan can not long hold out against the verdict of the world despite her braggadoccio:

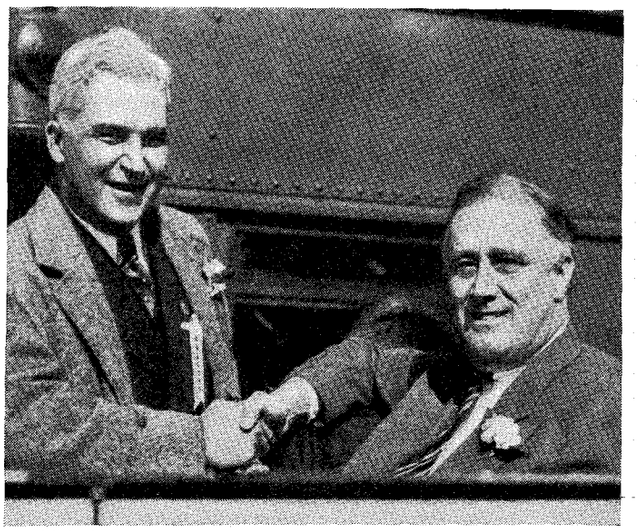
"The consequences of giving Japan a free hand in Asia are incalculable, but they may not ultimately be satisfactory to Japan herself, for she is like the frog in the fable trying to expand itself into a bull, and the result is likely to be similar.

"Japan is trying to play the part of a great Power without the necessary resources. With a population of about 65,000,000 and an area two-thirds as large again as that of Great Britain, she has extremely small natural resources and a national revenue about 25 per cent. larger than that of Switzerland, which has a population of 4,000,000 and an area half the size of Ireland.

"How can Japan, with a revenue of about $270,000,000 at the present rate of exchange and a falling currency, go on indefinitely spending about $220,000,000 on her Army and Navy?

"How can she hope to imitate successfully the imperialist exploits of wealthy countries like England and France?

"She seems bound to come to grief soon or late, but before that happens she may have done great mischief to the rest of the world which could have been avoided had the Council of the League of Nations taken a firm stand in September, 1931."



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As One "Dictator" to Another

Gov. Paul V. McNutt chatting with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Our First State Dictator

A TALL MAN WITH DARK EYES and iron-gray hair makes his bow as the first "dictator" in America. He is Indiana's new Democratic Governor, forty-one-year-old Paul V. McNutt, once professor of law at the University of Indiana, but better known to the nation as a former Commander of the American Legion.

Upon him the Indiana Legislature has conferred "a constitutional dictatorship," and now, amid cries of "Mussolini," he is busy swinging the economy ax in a sweeping and unprecedented reorganization of the State's departments and bureaus.

"Heads are falling rapidly," notes the Universal Service correspondent at Indianapolis, "and more are to follow."

Exercising the greatest powers of any Governor in the Union, Governor McNutt is being compared in this respect with President Roosevelt, for whom Congressional leaders plan an "economic dictatorship."

Meanwhile, other States with enormous tax burdens are watching the developments of this unusual procedure, hoping to find a way to solve their own financial problems. So important does the Kansas City *Star* consider Indiana's action that it runs a long article telling all about it. Explaining the breadth of the powers conferred upon the Governor, it says:

"In office little more than a month, supported by a great majority in both Houses of the Legislature swept into office by the Democratic landslide in November, Governor McNutt holds absolute sway over the hundreds of state employees with authority to terminate their jobs at will, under the broad provisions of the centralization-of-power measure which was enacted to bring about one of the reforms which he advocated in his campaign.

"Unless the purpose of the measure is defeated in court, the Indiana Governor will have all the powers that usually go to the executive of any State, and in addition will control each of eight newly created State departments which will replace more than 150 boards and commissions now in existence.

"He will also have complete authority to group or regroup the administrative agencies of the government at any time, and will have absolute power to discharge or replace at any time any employee of the State except a court officer.

"Through the centralization of power and the consolidation of various governmental activities, the Governor has pledged the taxpayers of Indiana that he will reduce the State's expenditures between two million dollars and three million dollars a year—a saving which would amount at the end of his four-year term to about ten million dollars."

A DICTATORSHIP? It is virtually so, admits Governor McNutt. "And it is also true such power could readily be abused. But any system is open to abuse. Our old system was badly abused." Under the new plan, he adds, "the Governor has power, and the Government can be made responsive to his will. At the same time the Governor remains responsible to the people."

Clearly, the plan "fixes responsibility on the Governor" and he will get credit or discredit according to what he accomplishes, remarks the Schenectady *Gazette*. "There probably will, and certainly should, be more than passing interest in what may be termed the Indiana experiment. If effective, other States will be likely to act similarly."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

MAYBE Frank can collect the francs.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

"SCOTLAND gave whisky and golf to an appreciative world," states an advertisement. Gave?—*Punch (London).*

IN Illinois, cemeteries are exempt from taxation. This seems to be the only place to escape it.—*American Lumberman.*

JAPAN says she is going into Jehol to keep the peace, but that may be a typographical error for pieces.—*Macon Telegraph.*

BY not paying her debts, France may be prepared, next time, to save civilization without help from the outside.—*Toledo Blade.*

IT is a sign of the times that the Kaiser has quit greasing his saw at Doorn and has gone to shining up his medals again.—*Dallas News.*

A LOT of things can be bought for a song, nowadays, but the customer public seems to be finding it harder to sing.—*San Diego Union.*

A CONSERVATIVE is one who gets mad when Hearst says something so sensible it is necessary to agree with him.—*Muskogee Phœnix.*

As we get it, they can't do anything to you in the West for holding a mortgage unless you try to collect on it.—*Macon Telegraph.*

ONCE the country had too much taxation without representation. Now it seems to have too much of both.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

JAPAN insists that the formation of the State of Manchukuo was spontaneous. How about the subsequent combustion?—*Washington Post.*

As an industrial plan Technocracy seems to be a 100 per cent. bust, but it would make a dandy name for a Pullman car.—*Macon Telegraph.*

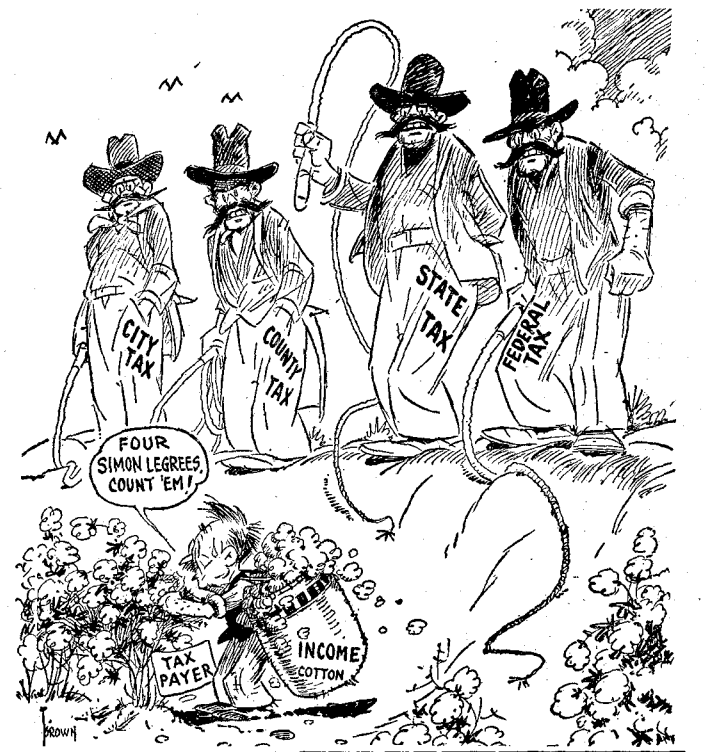
THE main reason why banks have striven for liquidity is to achieve solidity.—*Dallas News.*

A NEW dance is called "Technocracy." Just a bunch of staggering figures, no doubt.—*Thomaston Times.*

IT seems a good time for some statesman to tell us what it was that the war made the world safe for.—*Punch.*

WHAT this country needs is a Senate that will become as angry at a deficit as it does at a sergeant-at-arms.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

WE aren't demanding the peak of prosperity any more. Just a little peek at it would seem a whole lot now.—*Boston Herald.*



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And We Used to Cry Over "Uncle Tom"

—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

IF canceling debts will end the depression, we shall be glad to contribute as many as the cancelationists think they need.—*San Diego Union.*

INCOME-TAX authorities are engaged in the annual explanation of about everything except where to get the money.—*Boston Transcript.*

SPEAKING of formal dinners, Emmy Post says: "Do not put husbands next to their own wives." Mrs. Post must be a pacifist.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

WE have a pretty howdy-do in Washington. The Liberals get in office just after the Conservatives have spent everything.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

SPEAKING of a new low in freedom, we read that the Soviet has granted to Russian women the same freedom accorded the men.—*Thomaston Times.*

"ARE there any optimists left?" some one asks. We think so, but what we're far more interested in knowing is, are there any optimists right?—*Atlanta Journal.*

AMELIA EARHART suggested that in the interest of peace, women be drafted for war. The idea, of course, is to make it terrible.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THERE are those who might profit by the Miami tragedy. Mr. Roosevelt's life was saved because he made a short speech and sat down.—*Washington Post.*

SCIENCE ought to investigate the extraordinary number of persons whose health will compel them to retire from good jobs immediately after March 4.—*San Diego Union.*

A GERMAN doctor has just announced to the world that bald heads are really a sign of intrepid virility. Ah, those great open spaces under which men are men!—*Boston Herald.*

TALK about America not recognizing Manchukuo! A few more weeks of Japanese benevolence and the Manchurians won't be able to recognize it.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix).*

THIS country needs the courage to spend its cash, states one of these here business economists. All right, mister—if you'll put up the cash we'll put up the courage.—*Atlanta Journal.*

THE Marines were a bit rough at times with Sandino's men. But now the Nicaraguan Government has gone them one better. The Government has given each one a small farm.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

A NEW YORK poet, worried about the lack of market, suggests that poetry be included in the domestic allotment plan along with hogs, wheat, and cotton. It might be a good idea if the poets also would promise to reduce their acreage.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

NOTHING is being produced on a quantity basis in America any more, except schemes to end the depression.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix, Ariz.).*

THE LITERARY DIGEST is offering an atlas on a subscription deal. That's a good idea. A lot of people need to know where they're "at" now.—*Atlanta Journal.*

AND just think, when the French told us right after the close of the war that they never could repay us, we considered it an expression of gratitude.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

BY the time Mr. Roosevelt decides about all those jobs, and to whom they shall go, the most intricate of jig-saw puzzles will have no terrors for him.—*Portland Oregonian.*

THERE is a lot of discussion these days about a national tree, and about all we have to suggest on the proposition is that it must be some kind of a nut-tree.—*Ripley (Ohio) Bee.*

THE Senate Finance Committee is going to try to find a depression cure by interviewing 250 business leaders. Stated mathematically, the product will be 250 x 0.—*San Diego Union.*

WHEN you run out of jig-saw puzzles you might take all the things out of the bathroom medicine-chest and while away a few minutes wondering what the heck about three-fourths of them were doing in there.—*Macon Telegraph.*

IT is said the Chinese, fearing the Jap invasion, have removed priceless treasures from the Forbidden City and sent them to Shanghai for safe keeping. Now the Japanese are likely to demand another apology for that insinuation.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Angry Fists Thrust at Daladier

IN PROTEST AGAINST WAGE CUTS, hundreds of thousands in the employ of France's civil service go on strike for an hour, on February 20.

By this angry gesture, a great working-class fist is symbolically shaken in the strong, working-class face of Edouard Daladier, the new Premier.

Futile and mild as that hour's strike may appear to eyes on this side of the Atlantic, it is loaded with dynamite for Premier Daladier, and he knows it, according to Associated Press dispatches from Paris. Correspondents cable home that the Daladier Cabinet hangs by the thin support of the Socialist Deputies. In refusing to kowtow to the threat of the Syndicates (or unions) of civil-service employees, Daladier may sacrifice Socialist adherence, and his Cabinet be hurled to defeat within a few weeks after its formation.

According to his admirers in the press of Paris, Edouard Daladier will go down fighting. Even his adversaries admit that he is a good fighter, preferring action to words, actuality to illusion, authority to vague discussion. His Cabinet, his Government, is foredoomed to defeat, in the opinion of the outspoken Paris *Journal*, and the problem for Mr. Daladier is to choose the strategy by which, out of this inevitable defeat, he may increase his own reputation. Says this moderately independent daily:

"Since Mr. Daladier has a reputation for brutal frankness, he may as well make the most of it. He ought to tell the truth to France, to address the country at large, and to hold himself above all parties. . . .

"But, you may say, such audacity would hasten his downfall! That is not certain. But one thing is certain: such a downfall would be an honorable one."

Acme

He'll Go Down Fighting!

They may smash his Cabinet, asserts Edouard Daladier, but they can not smash his character.

DEFYING the threats of government-employed strikers, declaring that "neither the Government nor Parliament proposes to deliberate under threats," Edouard Daladier calls for peace and hard work. These are his own solutions for all the difficulties of his own private life.

His massive head, hewn in simple monumental lines, Rene Mazedier writes in the *Petit Parisien*, is lighted by two deep blue eyes, which smile oftener than you might expect. The broad body reveals the peasant origin of this man, who has made his way in the Wonderland of French politics only by dint of the hardest work, directed always by a solid and well-trained intellect.

As a boy, Edouard Daladier won a scholarship in history, and was on his way to become a teacher of history when the war broke out in 1914. His political career, the *Petit Parisien* writer goes on, was thrust upon him, when he was elected mayor of Carpentras. In 1919 Daladier was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. Then he was reelected, again and again, always with increasing majorities. The same authority tells of his rise in the Ministries—first in the Department of Colonies under Herriot.

A great worker, a great reader, a great cross-examiner, we read on, France's new Premier is never content with hearsay or rumor. He questions every one who comes into his office or his home. Questions follow questions, but Mr. Daladier conceals the object of this relentless process of interrogation.

Brilliant, experienced, forceful as he has proven himself to be as politician and statesman, the conservative and more or less cynical sections of the Parisian press frankly express doubt that Daladier can ever conciliate the contraries, dominate the manifold difficulties, solve the intricate financial and budgetary problems, or survive the clash of partizanship that sends France from one crisis to another. "If he succeeds," concludes Rene Mazedier, "he will prove himself not only the man of to-day, but the man of to-morrow."

A sympathetic picture of the Premier who sits under a new sword of Damocles, is given by Georges Ricou, writing in the Paris *Journal:*

"Thick-set, with shoulders solidly attached to the torso, and head solidly set on his shoulders, Edouard Daladier gives, at first sight, a double impression: equilibrium and power. Power less brutal and more nervous since he has become thinner. A type whose physical aspects reveal peasant origins, sustained habits of work, will power, pursued with tenacity.

"His whole career has been carved out of work. He has plowed his furrow in a straight, undeviating line, in the very way that the peasant steers a plow, never discouraged by the hardship of the task, nor by the emergence of obstacles."

MR. RICOU finds an inner harmony in the character of Edouard Daladier. His appearance would be rough, had it not been softened by reflection and meditation:

"His eyes are blue, they look straight and closed in thought, dry and rude in decision, childish in joy. The man of earth has almost the physiognomy of a mariner.

"In the beginnings of his political career, without tricking the voters, he revealed himself according to his temperament with sympathetic bruskness, with sharp but restrained accents. In the Chamber he won a place for himself without delay.

"They began by considering him 'a character.'

"They soon noticed that he was a force.

"Assiduous, attentive, he knew how to wait.

"Courageous and patient, he knew how to speak.

"A Chief! In his full maturity, in the plenitude of his power, Daladier already demonstrates his qualities of leadership. Now all that remains is to prove that he can lead the Government.

"We can count on his energy, his will power, his courage to justify all those legitimate hopes for the future which Daladier has brought into existence."

The multiple problems that harass France's doughty Premier are summarized in a special dispatch to the New York *Evening Post:*

"The Daladier Ministry is internally driven by civil servants revolting against economy through the reductions of their salaries, the Nationalists violently objecting to reduction of military estimates during this troublesome period based upon a report of a secret Germano-Hungarian alliance, and the taxpayers generally up in arms against any sort of increase in their burdens, holding mass meetings and protesting the closing of their places of business all over France. These three interests are bringing heavy pressure to enforce their divergent views."

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A New Plan to Salvage the League

DYING ON ITS FEET—in colloquial terms, this is the pessimistic French verdict on the League of Nations.

Can the life of the League be saved?

"Never!" reply most of France's crape-hanging diagnosticians.

But one of them, the eminent Jacques Bardoux of the French Institute, proffers a drastic remedy for that mysterious ailment which seems to defeat all the best-laid plans of the Geneva peace-makers. "As Geneva's Palace of Peace nears completion, war becomes chronic on three continents."

If the League would regain its prestige as a power for world peace, this French analyst points out in the *Européen* of Paris, it should delegate its authority to four geographic groups which together would make up a Federation of the World. Mr. Bardoux's contention is that these four groups are already existing and functioning:

"The first, from the double point of view of number and organization, is the British Empire. This is the perfect type of the group I have in mind: equality with liberty; independence with unity; diversity under a single crown.

"The Empire of Great Britain is a League of Nations.

"Its collaboration with the other League will be easier on that day when the cooperation of Geneva would tighten up imperial solidarity.

"Such would be the case, if the British Empire were accepted as one of the normal instruments of the Geneva institution; appointed its own representatives to the Council of the League; settled the conflicts between its own members; and determined alone its own part in the responsibilities of Geneva.

"And why not incorporate, in this geographic group, all those States of the eastern Mediterranean, which naturally gravitate within the orbit of London, because they border the route to India—Egypt, Palestine, Persia, Mesopotamia?"

Any Day at Geneva

"And speaking of peace—"

—"Le Journal" (Paris).

THE second group, according to Jacques Bardoux, would be made up of the Latin Americans. He is convinced that the Pan-American Union could more competently handle the affairs of South America, and make its recommendations to the League:

"Henceforth, during the sessions of the Assembly, the South American States would unite to determine their decisions and to designate their representatives. Thus an already existing organization would be granted additional and effective power. As with the first group, it could arbitrate the discords among its members, and define its own responsibilities."

The third group, empowered to handle and settle the troubled problems of the Far East, would be made up of the signatories of the Pacific Treaty or Pact of 1921—the United States, Japan, France, and Great Britain:

"Within the framework of the Pacific Treaty, the signatory nations, under the presidency of the United States, constituting a geographic group, should have been empowered by the League of Nations, from the very earliest moment of the Chino-Japanese conflict, to make an inquiry, if possible to effect a conciliation, and, in any event, to present its findings to Geneva."

The last of the four subsidiary groups suggested by Mr. Bardoux would deal with the affairs of Europe. This analyst of international conflicts is willing to make use of the Commission of European States, if its functions are made more definite and concrete.

CRITICS of the Bardoux remedy point out that, stript of its technical verbiage, this new model for a peace-making machine merely suggests the division of world power among four major Powers—France, Great Britain, Japan, and the United States. Between the lines of Mr. Bardoux's exposition, they detect an adroit scheme to establish French dictatorship over Europe.

The malady now attacking the League in its vitals, and producing a pernicious anemia, is named by Jacques Bardoux as that of "universality." The League, he asserts, must come down out of the clouds of the abstract to the terra firma of reality. Here are the symptoms of Geneva's present inefficiency, as analyzed by the French authority:

"No limits except those of the globe itself.

"No contact which is not direct.

"No representation which is not equal.

"No vote—or almost no vote—which must not be unanimous.

"Blinded by this vision, which effaces and attenuates, confounds and confuses, unifies and equalizes, the International Secretariat arrives at a belief that Liberia and Honduras have a right to sit in the Council under conditions equal to those of Spain or Brazil, and have a right to exercise in Europe a power equal to that of England or France.

"Lacking prolonged, preliminary contacts, in the heart of living, organized geographic groups, caught up without intermediation and without preparation, in some far-away conflict, Asiatic or South American in its first bitterness, before the lull of successive delays, without the trial of local transactions, the Council and Assembly negotiated badly, arbitrated ineffectually, and failed often."

Paradise in Papua

THE depression hasn't hit the inhabitants of that part of Papua known as "The Islands," joyfully writes an inhabitant of Rossel Island to *The Bulletin* of Sydney (N. S. W.) Islands—big, small, flat, mountainous, peopled, unpeopled, all sea-girt in the splendor—await those who want to "get away from it all." Here is why Papua seems like Eden nowadays:

"Maybe these people, the grandchildren of cannibals, have guessed the great secret. They know nothing of the dole, the cost of living, the basic wage, the Ottawa Conference, or the gold standard.

"The exchange could mount over the horizon and fall in a heap the other side, the Bank of England could merge with Woolworth's, and Einstein could discover to-morrow that the earth was flat, and the native Papuan would remain unmoved. He would still go on enjoying simple things in a spontaneous way.

"I don't know why people get an itch to go to Russia to see the millennium in being. Let them come to Papua instead. Here even we Austral-Papuans are spared the indignity of being forced to vote for some entirely unworthy person to misrepresent us in Parliament, and are exempt from income tax."

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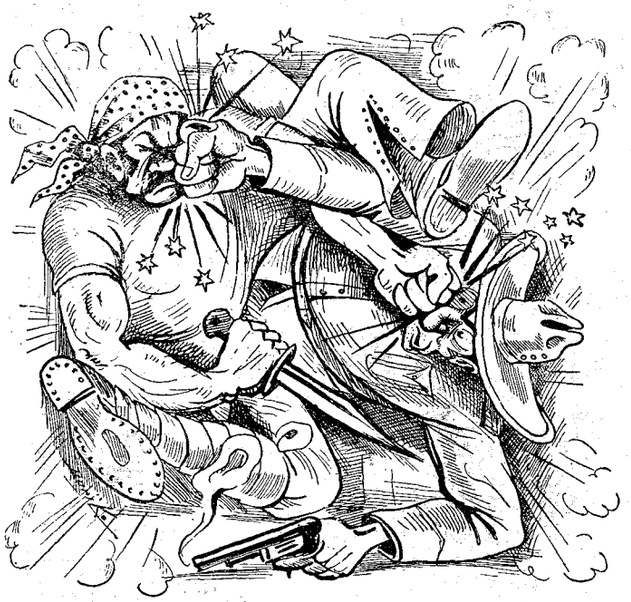
Leticia, Where Colombia and Peru Grapple

UNKNOWN TO THE BIG WORLD until September 1, 1932, Leticia, on that date, sent a new political tremor through the South American Continent, already shaken by the Bolivian-Paraguay strife in El Gran Chaco.

Then it was that "Peruvian irregulars" seized the tiny river port, surrounded by dense tropical jungles, which lies about 2,700 miles up the Amazon from Para, Brazil, and only 300 miles below Iquitos, the main Peruvian port on that river.

The "Peruvian irregulars," as already recorded in THE LITERARY DIGEST, imprisoned Colombian authorities, confiscated customs funds of this midget capital of the Colombian Intendencia of Amazonas, and took possession of public buildings.



A Snapshot of South America

—"Il 420" (Florence).

Subsequently, as Para (Brazil) United Press cables note, Peru refused to oust the Peruvian invaders on the ground that the taking of the village was the result of the "national aspirations" of the natives of the Peruvian province of Loreta, who want Leticia reincorporated into Peruvian territory.

THE next chapter in the Colombia-Peru controversy began with the outbreak of actual warfare on February 14, 1933, which ended a century of peace between the two countries. As told in these pages, on St. Valentine's Day Peruvian airplanes bombed the Colombian gunboat *Cordoba*, lying in the Putumayo River. Leticia and its surrounding territory, which has been the subject of international differences for a century, is between the Amazon and Putumayo rivers.

As the Manchester *Guardian* points out, here is a typical South American struggle for better communications between two rival groups of settlers in a rich but inaccessible hinterland, and this authoritative daily goes on:

"The handful of Peruvians and Colombians who share the tropical forest regions about the headwaters of the Amazon are rich in rubber, cotton, and tobacco, but they are cut off from the Pacific and Caribbean by the enormous barrier of the Andes.

"Hence the value of the river-ports which can be reached by ocean-going steamers from the Atlantic.

"When the Republic of Peru conceded the Colombians a port upon the Amazon at Leticia in 1928, it seemed that the whole question had been settled. But the Peruvians of Iquitos, higher up the river, have suffered real or fancied damage to their interests."

The South American States, *The Guardian* reminds us then, represent the fragments of the vast colonial empires of Spain and Portugal, and they were ready in their early years of independence to leave delimitation of their frontiers to the future. In consequence—

"The thousands of square miles of undeveloped and sparsely inhabited territory which intervened between these neighbors did not at first seem worth the trouble of accurate partition. But the development of natural resources worked an inevitable change of attitude.

"Remote and unattractive regions assumed a vital national importance with the discovery of raw-material deposits and with the growing need for better means of transportation to the sea."

LETICIA, the Amazon River village of about 500 inhabitants, stands near the meeting-place of the borders of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Brazil, says a bulletin of the National Geographic Society (Washington, D. C.), and it "presents the strange paradox of a seaport, in the midst of a jungle which is nearly 2,000 miles removed from the ocean." We read then:

"Commercially it has almost no importance, for vessels must anchor offshore, and the few buildings of the town are mostly low, straw-thatched cottages. Tabatinga, the Brazilian fortified town two miles farther down the river, offers much better port facilities. . . .

"The Amazonian forest is not quite as tangled and impenetrable as it has been pictured. The heavy growth of vines and trees that lines the banks of the main stream is probably responsible for this impression; but back of the matted curtain of vegetation the forest soon becomes fairly open."

Nevertheless it seems to be no trifling journey to get to Leticia, according to H. Kittredge Norton, who informs us in the New York *Times* that:

"When it is realized that even to-day the town of Leticia, which is the center of the present dispute, can be reached from the more populous areas of either Colombia or Peru only by an overland trip of weeks on foot or mule-back across some of the highest mountains and thickest jungles in the world, and then by canoe and launch, or else by a journey of upward of 4,000 miles by water around the northern bulk of South America, and then up the Amazon River, we can easily understand why the Spaniards of colonial days wasted neither time nor energy in drawing specific boundary lines across what was to them an area of the slightest importance.

"The whole country belonged to Spain anyway, and whether this or that jungle stream flowed through the administrative area of Lima or Quito or Bogota or Caracas was of no moment to anybody.

"When each of these cities became the capital of an independent State, however, the exact extent of their respective domains assumed a new importance in the eyes of those who had succeeded to governing power.

"Sovereignty, after all, has its responsibilities, and among them is the moral necessity of exerting itself to the limit. Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru each claimed this vast jungle area about the headwaters of the Amazon."

In each case, we are told, the claim was based roughly upon the documents which "seemed to give the greatest territory to the claimant." Each claim, in its original extent, constituted an affront to the sovereignty of the other States, and this informant proceeds:

"The two governments signed the Salomon-Lozano Treaty in 1922. This treaty fixt the boundary for the most part along the Putumayo River.

"At the eastern end, however, just before the Putumayo crosses the Brazilian line, the treaty line turns south and runs to the Amazon. Colombia thus has a corridor to the Amazon River between Peruvian and Brazilian territory.

"At the end of this corridor is the Amazonian port of Leticia. In return for this corridor, Colombia gave Peru additional territory in the west."

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COLOMBIA AND PERU (14,000,000 POPULATION) AT WAR OVER LETICIA (500 POPULATION)

White line shows disputed boundary between Peru and Colombia.

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Lewis Travels Far

WHO SHALL DENY THAT SINCLAIR LEWIS is our literary ambassador at large?

His latest book, "Ann Vickers," has been translated into twelve languages, and is on sale in sixteen countries.

It came before the public on January 25.

Perhaps we should say she made her first appearance then, for *Ann Vickers* is assumed to do for the American woman what *Babbitt* did for the American man.

"Ann Vickers" (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) is the story of a feminist, an idealist, who tilts against most of our social evils, especially as they affect women. Her story is various enough to satisfy four or five of her less ambitious sisters. Bernard de Voto, in *The Saturday Review of Literature* (New York), sets forth her career in brief form:

"*Ann Vickers* is a sister of *Martin Arrowsmith*—simple-minded and single-minded, dogged, undeluded, honest with herself, capable of the tumultuous activity that gets things done in the world. She is a suffragette, a social worker, a 'penologist.' and, finally, the superintendent of a prison.

"First converted to reform by a cobbler who is a sentimental Socialist, she experiments with debating and 'leadership' in college, joins a suffrage flying-squadron, and is jailed for biting a policeman, works in settlement houses, has a fling at charity, spends some time as a matron in a Southern penitentiary, and eventually becomes both the head of a women's prison and a national authority on reform, ending by seeing her lover, a dishonest judge, condemned to the system she hates and delivered from it by methods she has denounced.

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"He Has Done It Again"

Sinclair Lewis has added "another portrait to that famous gallery which boasts the glittering likenesses of Babbitt, Martin Arrowsmith and Elmer Gantry."

"Her story is loosely strung, panoramic, and head-long, like all its predecessors. *Ann's* is somewhat more biological—in the earlier Lewis novels people seldom went to bed together except in 'Elmer Gantry,' and there only meretriciously—but the biology is as simple and unromantic as *Ann* herself. Passion, even sentiment, as a human motive eludes Mr. Lewis. He is better at hate."

MR. LEWIS'S hatred of the prison system of this country is worked off in his treatment of the time his heroine spent in a penitentiary. The effect of this episode on another reviewer, William McFee in the New York *Sun*, is this:

"It is no part of the reviewer's duty to discuss the accuracy of Mr. Lewis's picture of a Mid-Western penitentiary. After the revelations of the last few years in the daily press, we have no reason to suppose that any single horror which *Ann Vickers* saw in Copperhead Gap is an exaggeration. It is very painful, indeed, and may be described as highly sensational reporting rather than novel writing.

"We have to stand still for a few chapters while Mr. Lewis rubs salt in our social sores, and makes us very sick into the bargain. There is something almost masochistic in the immense relish he displays in flaying the Middle West alive. We are relieved when *Ann* flees from the horror of her life in Copperhead Gap and gets a job in New York.

"But Mr. Lewis is not done with us. It is sometimes hard to believe, while reading him, that he does not experience a sort of inverted pride in the beastliness of the American life he turns up. He is like an incomparably skilful and efficient surgeon, who lays open before us the suppurating and gangrenous carcass of a social disorder lying on the operating table. Compare his technique with Charles Reade in 'It's Never Too Late to Mend.' Undoubtedly Lewis is more sensational, but the reform of abuses is no more likely to follow Lewis than Reade."

Ann's final emergence into such felicity as her nature permitted her to accept does not reconcile this reviewer to his author:

"'Ann Vickers' has a great deal to do with crime and criminals. One wonders whether the author is aware of the crime against his own artistic conscience in that sickly sentimental conclusion. One has a feeling of having been racked and garroted, and then drowned in sirup."

IF MR. LEWIS'S books are so widely read, it is important to know what is thought of them abroad. Take J. C. Squire in *The Daily Telegraph* (London):

"It is the first book that Mr. Lewis has written since he got the Nobel Prize, and one can only suppose that the burden of responsibility is weighing heavily upon him. It is much more nearly dull than any book he has ever written. His energy is undiminished, as also his interest in life and his desire to write effectively. But there is a difference of approach.

"It is as tho he had remembered the late Nobel's injunction that his prize-winners should have written works of an idealistic tendency; and selected both his main theme and his subordinate episodes in a propagandist mood.

"It is a pity. When he lets himself alone, trying only to reflect life, and allowing his opinions about current and eternal problems to come out incidentally and naturally, he is racy, exciting, and convincing—a sort of blend (if that can be conceived) between D. H. Lawrence and Dickens. But, on this occasion, one has the feeling that he sat down to exhibit, and argue about, not a set of characters which were real to him, but various institutions and 'slices of life.'

"He, who has created more vivid women characters than any living novelist writing in English, produces here, in *Ann Vickers*, a woman who never comes to life in 500 pages, tho she goes through the most varied experiences, and we are informed about a multitude of her thoughts.

"But it all remains unconvincing. For all the efforts that Mr. Lewis has made to get inside the developing mind of a sensitive,

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educated, 'emancipated' woman, what we are left with at the end (even when we come to the almost inevitable Man, Love, and Baby) is not a real person but Mr. Lewis's thoughts about Women, feminism, and a hundred other topics."

Returning to "We, the People"

PROPAGANDA PLAYS are not to the taste of Broadway.

Elmer Rice's "We, the People," that we noticed in our number of February 11, is one of these.

The critics found a good deal of fault with it, because it was not enough of a play, well made, with a simple and compelling motive.

It seemed to attack all our social and political ills, and scatter its fire over too many unrelated causes.

But second thought brings the critics back to survey its propagandist qualities.

"Speaking as one who was deeply stirred by the sheer impact of this social irruption," writes Brooks Atkinson in the New York *Times*, "I do not believe that 'We, the People,' can be glibly dismissed by a chronicle of its artistic shortcomings." Continuing:

"Despite them I was caught up emotionally in the fever of Mr. Rice's indignation.

"Nor was that an isolated experience, for several of the other reviewers felt that the sincerity of Mr. Rice's attack had triumphed over his stammering statement; and after the final curtain the first-night audience roared its approval in no equivocal terms.

"And so it seems to me again, as it has on several previous occasions, that artistic criticism is pedantic and evasive before propaganda plays, and that it misses the one essential point. If this play has touched anything in your experience, and touched it truthfully, so that you are a little stunned by the force of the conclusion, it is a good play for you.

"Nothing a man has learned about art is so vital as what he feels at the present moment. 'To feel beauty is a better thing than to understand how we come to feel it,' George Santayana declares.

"It is the conclusion of 'We, the People' that counts. For nineteen scenes of varying quality and conviction you have seen a workingman's family tossed around on a tidal wave of economic distresses. Some of those who go down have been rebels all their lives. Some of them, like the school-teacher, the factory foreman and the minister, have found themselves in the company of rebels by force of circumstances over which they have had no control.

"In the last scene these several characters turn the stage of the Empire Theater into a public forum, and speak directly to the audience on behalf of principles of American polity that have been violated by the events of the play. Even here the speakers wander away from the specific question of saving a boy's life to vague generalizations about large matters.

"But sincerity is more enkindling than logic, and the fervor of Mr. Rice's sincerity coming through the mouths of these speakers gives this scene a tremendous, sobering eloquence. When Mr. Rice writes for the commercial theater he is a more judicial craftsman. But he has never spoken in the theater with such grim force before. Something is fatally bloodless about a theater that can not take a play like this in its stride."

The Cover

THIS portrait of President Roosevelt, inaugurated to-day, was painted by Charles O. Gebauer, who was born in Germany in 1870.

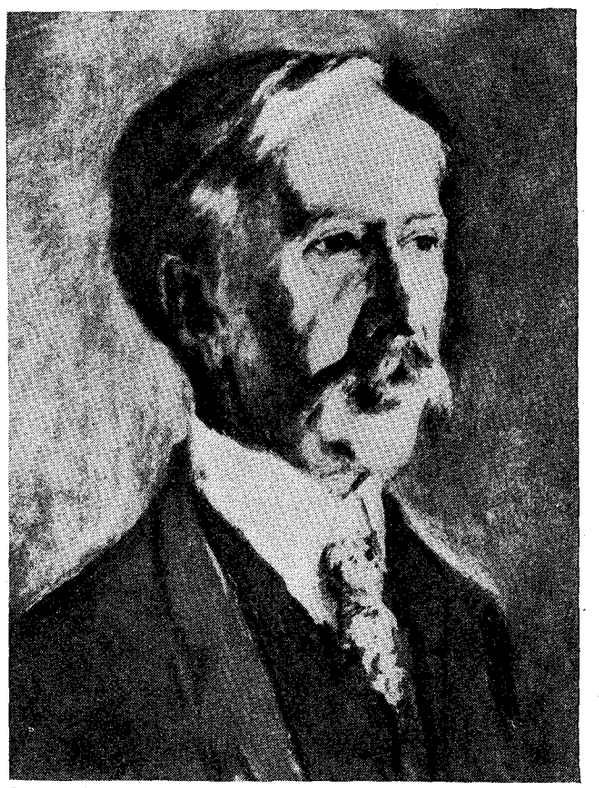
He studied at the Imperial Academy at Berlin. At the age of twenty-two he came to the United States, and continued his studies in New York City. He is a great admirer of the late John Sargent, by whose works he was much influenced. He has painted portraits of many prominent people, and altho specializing in portraiture, is also a very able landscape-painter.

The "Dublin Ogre"

"SOME MEN KISS and never tell, and some men tell and never kiss."

This was a witty aphorism, made by the late Susan Mitchell, that went the rounds of Dublin, the latter half of it having a slant at George Moore.

This famous Irishman, who has lately died, at the age of eighty, was one of the greatest prose writers of his time, as well as the occasion of wit in others. For, as J. C. Squire, who quotes Miss



From a painting

Capricious and Quarrelsome

Was George Moore, the Irish writer, whose prose ranks with the highest of his time.

Mitchell in *The Daily Telegraph* (London), points out, "Moore romanticized his own past, and tended to embroider any event for the sake of making a pretty passage."

His "Confessions of a Young Man" and his "Hail and Farewell" open the door not only upon himself, but upon others who did not so much relish the "embroideries."

THUS Mr. Squire:

"Some of the figures in his Irish reminiscences have denied, with indignation or amusement, the accuracy of his records. But Moore's answer, if he could have been pinned down (and nobody ever could pin him down), would have been that accuracy was meant for slaves, and that the chief point about life was that it was the raw material for art.

"It took him some time to get to that point of view. His early novels, of which 'Esther Waters,' 'A Drama in Muslin,' and 'A Mummer's Wife' were the chief, were written under the influence of Zola and the French naturalists. He was at that stage attracted by anything French, anything antisentimental, and anything that was calculated to shock a complacent bourgeoisie.

"From France he went back to Ireland and wrote 'The Lake' and 'The Untilled Field.'

"In his latest works he found himself completely. He himself valued 'The Brook Kerith,' 'Abelard and Heloise,' and 'Aphrodite in Aulis' above everything else that he had written. All his life, at bottom, he had cared more about writing beautiful

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prose than about anything else, and execution had been more important to him than subject."

His increasing concentration on perfection of language, says Mr. Squire, led to an increasing narrowness of mind:

"He had always been very eclectic; a few things were perfect, and the rest were dismissed.

"I remember spending an evening alone with him in the vain endeavor to persuade him that some of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors had merits. He would have none of them. Stevenson was 'a boy's writer about pirates.' Dickens was 'a common pantry-boy.' Hardy 'never wrote a decent sentence of English in his life' (I discovered that he had read hardly any Hardy), and as for Conrad, it was, of course, clever of a Pole to write in English, but you really couldn't call it prose.

"There was something of Irish leg-pulling about all this. There was a tinge of jealousy, because he knew that he had never had his full due (tho he never guessed, I think, that his propensity to mild indecency had contributed to this), and that some of his contemporaries had had more than their due."

In Dublin, where he lived during the first ten years of this century, "he was somewhat of an ogre," says John Eglinton in the London *Observer*, yet this Irish writer reports hearing him say, "I am as shy as a girl of six." He had traits that set the nerves of a drawing-room on edge:

"It was idle to urge with him that a dislike of extreme candor in conversation is not necessarily hypocritical, that to walk unclothed is disgraceful in mind as in body. 'Why should they object if what I say is true?' he would ask.

"For all his Bohemianism, there remained in Moore always an old-world courtliness and refinement in life and manners, by which anything like rudeness found itself daunted, and when he cared to take the trouble he could disarm violent prejudice by the most delicate sympathy and consideration.

"'He's an aristocrat,' a well-known Dublin wit once said of him, summing him up. There was, indeed, in Moore something of the county 'toff'; he was at ease and in his element as an audacious and inventive raconteur, where many a poor ordinary man of letters would have sate forlorn, and he seemed on such occasions to exercise the ascendency of genius over the society out of which he had himself sprung.

"He was at home in all such 'country matters' as the points of a horse, dogs, timber, and so forth. I once asked him what he would have done if he had not taken to literature, and he said, 'Oh, I suppose steeple-chasing.' It seemed a curious accident that this west of Ireland squire, with the look and bearing of a soldier, should have been diverted to letters."

Posterity will have as little doubt about his appearance as of what he thought of his contemporaries, writes a London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian:*

"No one of our time has been more painted and drawn than this writer. The great Manet painted him in his youth in sunshine in a rowing-skiff, and again in the well-known head portrait. Orpen painted him many times, and three of these are in the Royal Academy winter show. The portrait in the 'Homage to Manet,' lent by the Manchester Art Gallery, is one of the best, presenting the author at full length in a characteristic pose in an habitual environment. In Orpen's Café Royal picture Moore is seen on the right in profile going away almost at the edge of the painting.

"Hail and farewell! He was a great London-lover after his fashion, who knew its subtleties and changeful life as few did. Sickert, Blanche, Tonks, Mark Fisher, and J. B. Yeats were among the other artists who painted Moore. Rothenstein and Francis Dodd drew him. But posterity may perhaps find its more illuminating presentment of the great Irishman in Max's many cartoons."

Negro Musician

Who makes symphonic music out of spirituals and improvisations—William Levi Dawson.

The First Negro Symphony

WAY DOWN IN ALABAMA "singin' lives like a terrace-bustin' rain and like a crop of cotton."

Out of this milieu comes brilliant Levi Dawson, leader of the Tuskegee choir which has been giving concerts in New York and points north, besides singing on the opening night of Radio City Music Hall.

Mr. Dawson has lately consigned to Leopold Stokowski, leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra, the first symphony ever composed by a Negro writing Negro music. The orchestra will soon put it in rehearsal.

"It is not religious, but classical in the modern idiom," explains Mr. Dawson, who goes on to defend the Negro idiom in higher forms of art:

"The cultural theme is melancholy, a sort of wail, a type of hymn, related to jazz in its rhythm.

"It is an attempt to develop Negro music, a something they have said again and again couldn't be developed. I made up my mind four years ago to quit talking myself, to let others do the talking. Ever since then I have been writing the music. I have never doubted the possibilities of our music, for I feel that buried in the South is a music that somebody, some day, will discover.

"They will make another great world music of the folk-songs of that section. It is destined to rank, some day, I feel from the bottom of my soul, with the music of Brahms, with that of the Russian composers."

Mr. Dawson declares he is reassured in his faith every time he takes a walk. His interviewer in the New York *Herald Tribune* writes:

"All he had to do when he became discouraged was to listen to the singing about him in Alabama. From the cotton patches, from the houses, he heard new melodies, songs that minute being born. Sometimes he copied them down."

The composer has not escaped the usual tribulations of his race. The interviewer continues:

"Mr. Dawson wrote the 'Symphony No. 1' in Alabama, but all the time he was working he heard the Chicago Civic Orchestra playing in his ears. It is a body he knows well; he played first trombone in it for four years. He had no difficulty with the orchestration, because he plays almost every instrument used in a symphony orchestra, and he can orchestrate almost as rapidly as he can write. He says all of his relatives 'were born playing a banjo.'

"Mr. Dawson was graduated with first honors by the Horner Institute of Fine Arts in Kansas City, Kansas, but because he was a Negro he was not allowed to sit on the platform the day that Henry J. Allen, Governor of Kansas, distributed the diplomas. He sat in the gallery, and his diploma was delivered to a proxy. However, on that occasion the Kansas City Symphony Orchestra played one of his compositions.

"Mr. Dawson was born thirty-one years ago in Anniston, Alabama, the son of the late George Dawson and of Eliza D. Dawson.

"The boy went to work shining shoes, toiled in a grocery store, and day after day saved pennies, until finally he had enough to pay his way to Tuskegee.

"He studied a year in Topeka, Kansas, then went to Kansas City, where he taught music in Lincoln School while he studied He got his job with the Chicago Civic Orchestra because he was the only one of the applicants who could play the alto cleft for the trombone. 'I couldn't play it either,' he said, 'but I got away with it.' He went to Tuskegee to direct the choir two years ago."

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Reversing the Supreme Court on Pacifists

A MILD-MANNERED, GRAY-HAIRED county judge surprizes the country by reversing the Supreme Court of the United States.

He put conscience above the Constitution and admitted a pacifist to citizenship.

More than that, he expects, he says, to do it again. Meantime, he gives the Supreme Court an opportunity to change its collective mind, and it appears certain that his challenge will be accepted.

Many doff their hats to the judge for his temerity, but the local American Legion post and a local group of citizens take him to task for admitting to citizenship a man who refuses to bear arms. And all the country awaits the outcome in Washington.

Prof. John P. Klassen, of Bluffton College, Ohio, wished to be a citizen, but he didn't want to be forced to fight in war. He was willing, however, to serve as a non-combatant, as he had done in the Red Cross with the Russian forces during the World War and later in the Russian revolution.

Ten years ago he fled from Russia with 20,000 other Mennonites, and went to Canada; then he and his wife came to Bluffton in 1924.

Because of his religion, and the fact that he is forty-six, beyond the military age limit, Judge E. E. Everett of the Allen County Common Pleas Bench, sitting in Lima, granted citizenship to the Mennonite. By so doing he went contrary to the celebrated rulings in the Schwimmer and McIntosh and Bland cases. He had rejected applications from both Professor Klassen and his wife in September, we read, because of their refusal to take the oath without reservations, and asserted he would not have awarded the citizenship at this time had Professor Klassen been of military age. Mrs. Klassen could not appear this time because of illness.

Keystone

The Supreme Court Notwithstanding

Judge E. E. Everett, of Lima, Ohio, admits a pacifist to citizenship, and expects to do it again.

In explaining his decision, Judge Everett says:

"This question has been so much before the American people during the last few years that the court feels it is willing to go on record to the extent of being reversed in order that the attitude of the American people at the present time may be spoken by the highest court of the land.

"At the time the previous decision was made there was a strong sentiment in this country, as well as in all other countries of the world, for settling differences by the mode known as war.

"Since the decision referred to was made, there has been wide discussion throughout the world as to whether war should not be outlawed . . . and the nations should be required to settle their differences in courts of justice the same as individuals. . . .

"For this reason I am going to give the Supreme Court another opportunity to pass upon this question."

The papers were granted over the protest of Edward J. Kennedy, a Federal naturalization inspector, who said he would report to the Bureau of Naturalization, and that any appeal would then be for the bureau to take.

During the course of the hearing Mr. Kennedy said, "Government is greater than man."

"But," replied Professor Klassen, "God is greater than government."

Judge Everett's decision places him in the company of the four Justices of the Supreme Court who dissented from the majority opinion in the McIntosh-Bland cases—Chief Justice Hughes and Justices Holmes, Brandeis and Stone.

"On the face," says the Lima (Ohio) *News*, "it can be easily discerned that Judge Everett, by his courageous action in handing down the Klassen decision, is siding with the liberal minds of the highest court—men who time and again have shown their willingness to interpret laws in a human, high-minded manner."

Expressing the hope that some day war will actually be outlawed, *The News* goes on:

"And just as war will lose its appeal as a manner of settling disputes, so will governments change their attitude toward religious groups whose doctrines forbid them to kill their fellow men.

"The Supreme Court, with its close vote on the question, has unmistakably shown the trend of public thought.

"As a judge, E. E. Everett has acted courageously.

"As a man with ideals, his decision will reverberate throughout the length and breadth of the land. He has aided a cause that already has gained the sympathy of a war-tired people."

"Two or three hats should be taken off to Judge Everett" for refusing "to follow the medieval ruling of the United States Supreme Court in the McIntosh and Bland cases," chimes in the St. Louis *Star*. The decision of the Supreme Court, believes *The Star*, "is certain to be reversed some day, because it is both unjust and illogical, and it would be far more creditable to the court if its present membership did the reversing than if it awaited the appointment of a new member."

"A common-sense decision," the Macon *Telegraph* calls it, glad that the question has been opened again and brought back to the attention of the country. "This Government," it says, "can not afford to penalize pacifists."

"On humanitarian principles, the decision is bomb-proof," echoes the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which believes "it would be timely to revive the bills in Congress to revise the jingoistic basis of citizenship qualifications." After all, maintains *The Post-Dispatch*, "the entire population can not join the Army, and Professor Klassen, like the preceding applicants, is willing to aid in a non-combatant capacity. It is ridiculous to enroll all petitioners, including women and elderly men, as potential soldiers when they seek citizenship, when they are not liable to military service in war time."

It is hard to see how the Supreme Court could uphold Judge Everett's decision, in the light of past decisions, without reversing itself, thinks the Kansas City *Star*. "But the Supreme Court is always free to change its collective mind, and particularly in matters of social policy yesterday's dissenting opinion may become the decision of the majority to-day."

"On the other hand, one may imagine the plight of a nation

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of conscientious objectors if the necessity of defense should arise," remarks the Springfield *Union*. "As a matter of common sense it seems that some exceptions could be made in applications for citizenship," and "as to strict adherence to true principles of citizenship, much may be said for the majority opinion of the Supreme Court. Judge Everett has made an exception, and there may be much intelligent support for his decision in the circumstances."

In Lima, *The News* informs us, seventeen ministers signed a resolution indorsing the ruling of Judge Everett, while the William Paul Gallagher American Legion Post denounced it as in "opposition to the Constitution of the United States and a verdict of the United States Supreme Court."

Crime and Why

"FINE! GREAT! We'll clean crime from the country!" Enthusiasm almost bursts hundreds of editorial columns.

Legislators become excited; torrents of words are poured forth.

Courts are to have a bath. Teeth are to be fitted into the laws. Crime is to be wiped out.

But the enthusiasm peters out, like air from a toy balloon. Nothing is done.

Hear Col. Louis McHenry Howe tell about it. He is confidential secretary to President Roosevelt, who is sworn in the day of this issue. Colonel Howe is also a member of the National Crime Commission, which was formed to try to arouse a sustained public interest in practical steps to eliminate crime so far as humanly possible.

What has it accomplished? See the first pages of this morning's papers.

Well, who's responsible?

For three successive annual meetings of the Council of Governors, writes Colonel Howe in the New York *Herald Tribune Magazine*, the Commission urged that the reduction of crime be made a part of the council's agenda and that the Governors cooperate in urging upon their several States the uniform action needed in so many cases.

The suggestions were received politely and carefully considered. But action stopt there.

Yet, writes Colonel Howe, "our investigations have shown that whenever a community is really aroused sufficiently for the local press to continue to hammer on crime reduction, and particularly when it demands that specific things be done, and continues the agitation for three months, there has been a great improvement in the crime situation in that locality."

Now, the machine-gun has become the gangster's chief weapon. He might not be able to hit a flock of barn doors with a revolver, but he couldn't miss them with a machine-gun.

The Commission negotiated with the Army to secure cooperation for national legislation restricting possession of machine-guns to the Army, and providing heavy penalties for private possession. At first, says Colonel Howe, the Army was in favor of the idea. But the suggestion got no further. "So long as manufacturers are allowed to make machine-guns, they will continue to be obtained—and used," says Colonel Howe.

Another thing. "Fences" are difficult to convict. So an effort was made to have a Federal law enacted against them. The best legal talent was procured to draw up a bill for Congress. It was supported, says Colonel Howe, by the Association of the Chiefs of Police, the silk manufacturers, who are among the chief victims of the "fences"; by the American Credit Men's Association, by all of the railroads and by everybody who had any conceivable interest in the matter.

The bill was introduced in Congress, and a special hearing was held before the Judiciary Committee of the House. Newton D. Baker presented a powerful plea for its passage, and the bill actually passed the House. But "it was smothered in the Senate."

"It is incredible that our legislators should be so indifferent to efforts to reduce crime unless they have found by experience that the folks back home are not really interested," says Colonel Howe.

YET an aroused public opinion can force action. As for instance:

"Occasionally the press in some city will take up a bad situation and hang on to it until it is remedied.

"This took place some years ago in Cleveland. For months the papers printed a daily record of cases brought to trial and what happened to them.

"As a result the District Attorney's office became the most efficient in the country, and the crime wave came to an abrupt end in that particular city.

"This example points out something else that is necessary if we are to have real reduction in crime—a determined vigilance by the public as to what the courts and the District Attorneys do in criminal cases."

As it is usually:

"A crime is committed; the public is aroused; the press demands the apprehension of the guilty. For three or four days or even a week or two the police report daily efforts.

"Then one of two things happens; the criminal is not found, and the case is dropt by the press and forgotten by the public, or the criminal is found, whereupon the public considers the arrest a triumphant ending of the case, sits back, turns over to the sporting page and never inquires as to what happens afterward."

And don't forget,

"Under the present archaic criminal code, any clever lawyer can delay actual trial for not only weeks and months, but years, until practically all of the leading witnesses have either been 'seen' or have so far forgotten details as to be easily confused on cross-examination.

"Does the public ever inquire as to whether the man was actually convicted or not?

"Once in a hundred times—and yet when a summary of the case, where the prisoner escapes through one loophole or another, is brought to the public's attention, it always excites a new burst of interest in the matter, and brings a demand that 'something must be done about it.'

"It is, of course, easy to do something about it. It only requires the Legislatures to be convinced that the public cares about it—but is this ever done?

"I don't remember any such case."

Negro Emotionalism Passing

THE emotional paroxysm of "getting religion" is passing among the Negroes, according to a report published by the Institute of Social and Religious Research.

It is also said that the Negro is "overchurched," and that the teaching of religion in Negro churches is at a "low ebb."

In the Fourth Ward of Atlanta, an area of less than one and one-quarter square miles, forty-seven Negro churches are concentrated, say the authors of the report, Benjamin Elijah Mays and Joseph William Nicholson, Negro ministers.

"Scores of churches in close proximity to one another, and often of the same denomination, many with only a 'handful of people,' are doing the same type of work; in many instances they are doing it poorly, and in addition are competing against one another," they say.

The "other-worldly, highly emotional type of preaching" is passing, add the authors, because ministers often experience great difficulty in getting their hearers to shout and cry "Amen."

"The shouting, highly emotional sermon can not survive except in an atmosphere where the response is spontaneous and warm," they write, "and two years' observation during the period of this study would lead one to believe that the 'shouting' sermon is rapidly on the wane."

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Are Gang Films Wholesome?

BOYS USED TO HUNT REDSKINS with home-made bows and arrows, or play with gravel shooters and cap pistols.

Now they play with toy "gats," and the game is a pretended hold-up. Often as not Johnny meets his father with a "hands up," and presses a menacing muzzle against the paternal belt.

It's as it should be. Or is it?

"Gang films are wholesome," says Leroy E. Bowman, of the Child Study Association and a member of the executive committee of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures.

"It is ridiculous for us to try to keep away the idea of the gangster from the youngsters," he maintains. "Gangsters are! That's real. It is much more wholesome to meet these questions and help youngsters to come to some judgment and thus to help get rid of these things. We don't get rid of a festering sore by covering it up."

This gospel caused a rustle among the 200 women present at the annual conference of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, recently held in New York. A woman from Cleveland, we read in *The Herald Tribune*, rose to inquire what Mr. Bowman was thinking about.

"Why, children know more about gangsters already than their parents do," replied Mr. Bowman. "It is absurd to try to keep the facts of gang activities away from them. I prefer to have the whole thing open and to be with the children when they see the pictures. If we get the right attitude in the minds of the children concerning gangsters, it is a step toward getting rid of them."

BUT a woman dissented. "When I was in Ceylon," she remarked, "the police chief there told me that there never had been a hold-up on the island until American gangster films were shown to the people. This is not a question. I make the statement for the record."

"Of course, it is not surprizing," writes John S. Sumner to *The Herald Tribune*, "that an official of a group financed by the motion-picture producers should attempt to justify those producers who have commercialized the subject of racketeering on the screen." Mr. Sumner is secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. The head-line "Gangster Films Help Children" should read, he says, "Gangster Films Help Children to Become Capable Gangsters."

Mr. Bowman's statement is a lot of tommyrot to *The Herald Tribune*, too. One of the favorite themes of Commissioner Mulrooney, of the New York City Police Department, we are reminded, is the youthful imitation of crimes that are too vividly portrayed in word or picture, irrespective of the criminal's fate.

It is impossible to disagree with the Commissioner, comments *The Herald Tribune:*

"We all know that the imitative instinct is often more powerful than moral instruction in shaping the conduct of immature creatures, whether animal or human; and we also know that the spirited boy is usually moved by both fiction and living example to admire the rebel against discipline, however dismal his fate.

"It is next to impossible to pass any school in New York City when children are at play without witnessing a gang drama, with toy 'gats' snapping viciously.

"And it is always the small, timid-looking boy who is the policeman or the victim of a hold-up or a 'ride.' Why? Because the bigger boys, who probably see more of the ethically faultless films to which Mr. Bowman refers, organize the play and choose for themselves the more heroic parts—the gangster parts, of course.

"But didn't they always play murderous games under fictional influences? They did; with a difference. The old juvenile fiction inspired a burning ambition to be Captain Kidd, or Jesse James, or Tracy the Outlaw; but such models were too far removed in time or space for more than make-believe emulation.

"The film gangster's field of operations is here, his era is now, and that gloriously sinister person himself 'hangs out' just around the corner."

Religious Rioting in Turkey

SOME TURKS MAY HAVE TO DIE because of a fuss made over the way they should say their prayers.

It was all very well, apparently, that the Caliph should be kicked into limbo, that dervishes should be made to stop prancing around, that the derby should replace the fez, and that women should be unveiled, but it was too much to expect the people to pray and worship in any language but that which Mohammed had ordered.

And there was trouble among the faithful.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha, President of the new Turkish Republic, has issued orders, it seems, that Mohammedan services shall be conducted in the native tongue instead of in the traditional Arabic, and muezzins are required to call the faithful to prayer with "Tanri Uludur" (God is great), instead of with "Allah Akbar," which means the same thing in Arabic.

Arabic is the original language of the Koran, which true believers hold was written by God Himself and read aloud to Mohammed by the Angel Gabriel.

Orthodox citizens at Broussa fell upon a muezzin who obeyed the new ruling, and a religious uprising, amounting almost to an insurrection, followed. Mustafa Kemal, accompanied by two of his Ministers, hastened to the scene, and sixty leaders of the uprising were arrested.

A similar religious revolt occurred at Smyrna, and was followed by a police round-up of muezzins who refused to sound their calls to prayer in Turkish. A worshiper who made responses in Arabic to an imam (priest) who was conducting the services in Turkish also was arrested.

It will be recalled that only two years ago twenty-eight Turks who violated Kemal's prohibition of the fez were hanged at Menemen.

In making the change in religious services Kemal said that he wished the Turks to have a better understanding of their holy writings. Ignorance of their religious doctrines, he declares, is responsible for the fact that the Sultan and his advisers could so easily make the people subservient to their wishes. He had already separated Church and State, and is intent upon replacing the old Islamic law by new codes.

"BUT he recognizes that he has not solved the question of the Republic's religion," comments the New York *Sun*. "The progress of this phase of his administration will be watched with interest and with concern wherever there is a large Mohammedan population."

The difficulties inherent in the situation are generally recognized. "Kemal Pasha, introducing the derby hat, the typewriter, and the automobile among his people, is on safer ground than when he orders public prayers to be said in Turkish instead of Arabic," observes the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*. And the Newark *Evening News* reminds us that—

"Those who are used to formal prayers can appreciate the association of the familiar, and usually beautiful, language.

"The familiar words of the children's 'Now I lay me' linger for a lifetime.

"Aves and paternosters, collects and litanies, can not be changed without destroying a part of their spiritual solace.

"And life would be greatly impoverished if it were to be stript of its prayer and hymns with their uplifting phrases. They are such a part of our religion that it would be ruthless to tamper with them.

"Mustafa Kemal has laid violent hands on many old Turkish customs, and the people have acquiesced. Many of them have been emancipations.

"When he ventures to change the people's saying of their prayers, it is no wonder he has an uprising on his hands."

But, warns the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "if Turkey puts to death those who oppose so delicate a reform, it will lower its prestige among all enlightened countries."

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New Sources and Uses of Power

MAN'S EXPLORATION of the world's potential power is climaxed every two years by an exhibition at which expert engineers state what discoveries have been made.

In the past they found great interest in Dr. Georges Claude's million-dollar experiment to develop power from sea water.

It Cleans Itself

Grating for bridge surfaces

In the near future they may have precise information about the potential power of the cosmic rays.

For the present, however, says a writer in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, March), a revolutionary atmospheric vapor-power plant, invented by George H. Gibson, a New York engineer, has created intense interest. A brief notice of this appeared in THE DIGEST, December 31. We read:

"It may be regarded as about twice as efficient as Dr. Claude's sea-power plant, and would require a much less expensive apparatus. Claude utilized the temperature difference of depth and surface sea water. Gibson makes use of the temperature difference in the atmosphere. The principle and apparatus are simple.

"A thermometer, suspended in the atmosphere, gives the temperature of the dry air; but a wet-bulb thermometer gives a lower temperature because of the evaporation of the water on the wet bulb. In ordinary circumstances this difference amounts to ten degrees Fahrenheit, and it is the sole motivating energy of Gibson's engine.

"The plant consists of a boiler in which steam is generated by heat in the surrounding atmosphere; a small jet, through which the steam blows against the buckets of a turbine, and a condenser cooled by a cheesecloth wick. The turbine will spin in an ordinary atmosphere, and if the end of the wick is kept moist, it might conceivably turn forever, creating energy out of the surrounding air.

"Among other devices which research engineers have just brought out is one which performs miracles in cutting.

"Heretofore it was considered impossible to cut a diamond with anything but a diamond.

"The new machine, with a carborundum disk for an edge, cuts diamonds, pyrex glass, chrome steel, nickel steel, and hard minerals as easily as a sharp knife cuts butter. Carborundum heretofore had no effect on diamonds, but its cutting powers have been increased wonderfully by submerging it in water.

"As applied to cutting glass, it also is a great improvement. The carborundum wheel spinning under water cuts as clean and smooth as a razor, and with a minimum of waste.

"The twelve-inch disk is only .042 inch thick, rotates 1,200 times per minute, and is driven by a one-horse-power motor. A similar apparatus has been designed to cut sheets of metal."

A thriving industry, the writer predicts, will soon spring out of a process for making endless sheets of copper by electrolysis. Copper, as the anode of an electrolytic cell, is deposited around a drum of lead. The copper rolls off in a sheet as fast as the solution deposits it around the drum. The sheets are up to fifty inches in width and from .0013 to .01 inch thick. We are told:

"It has already been tried successfully as a fireproof, waterproof, vermin-proof, and practically permanent roof covering, and the cost compares favorably with many other types of roofing. It is also being tried for awnings, automobile tops, card-table tops, and wall-paper.

"The short life of paper books, documents, and magazines has troubled librarians and publishers for years. Engineers now advance electrolytic sheet-copper as an ideal substitute for paper. It takes ink easily, is thinner than many grades of paper, and the copper book is not bulkier than one of paper.

"As advertising inserts for magazines, coverings for walls, and bookbinding material, the thin copper sheets may soon become popular. Cut into proper sizes, they can also be used for letter-heads. They take impressions from typewriter ribbons as easily as paper.

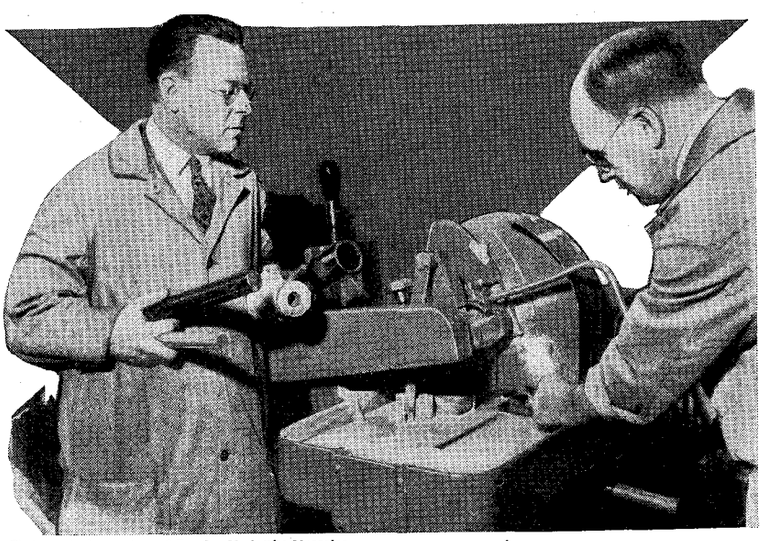
"Among the array of new inventions are several meters with almost human qualities. One has a face which records over telephone wires the rate of water-flow at any distance from a given place. One such meter was connected with the Catskill aqueduct and, miles away, it was possible to see at a glance that New York City was consuming 65,000,000,000 gallons of water each twenty-four hours. A similar meter can be used for long-distance measuring of the steam generated by large power-plants.

"As an aid to draftsmen, architects, and engineers, an instrument company has marketed a rapid-lettering system which makes it possible for one man to draw thousands of words on one sheet of paper much more rapidly than the human hand, and without the use of guide lines.

"From the laboratory there has also come an all-metal, non-skid road-bed for bridges and viaducts. This decking is like a grating. Ice will not form on such a surface, and snow falls through. The decking cleans itself, for dirt drops out as soon as it falls. Rubber-tired vehicles running over this surface make less noise than on ordinary roads.

"For lessening vibration and deadening noise in factories, engineers have devised a flooring which absorbs shocks and confines them to a small area. This system calls for resilient mats, built of cork strips and bound in a steel frame well reinforced. When laid under a concrete floor, these mats absorb the vibration of machinery.

"A combination thermostat and air-valve on the ordinary steam radiator make it possible to govern the temperature of individual rooms merely by the touch of a finger. Once the device is set, the room temperature controls the operation. It can be attached to the common one-pipe steam system, and can provide a separate temperature for every room in the house."



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Cutting Machine Which Slices Diamonds Like Cheese

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City Smoke Injuring the Brain

THE soot does not silt up the channels of thought or blacken the mental outlook.

Indeed, "it may not be possible to recognize definitely any acute mental disorder or specific disability," says Mr. H. B. Meller, chief of Pittsburgh's Bureau of Smoke Regulation.

Yet, he affirms, "the process of slow smoke-poisoning may work insidiously upon vital tissues, making it impossible for the brain to function at maximal efficiency."

Then, too, the smoke-screen from the factory chimneys tends to cut off the solar ultra-violet radiation essential to our health and happiness, and Mr. Meller suggests, in an address reported in a press bulletin from the Mellon Institute:

"If the shorter work-day is adopted, it may be found highly desirable to have a general two-hour mid-day lunch period, much of which would be spent outdoors. Ultra-violet emanations from the sun do not reach street-level in abundance before ten in the morning or after three in the afternoon. The body has a sun thirst which can be naturally satisfied only in these hours.

"People may be expected in future to spend a greater percentage of their income for the improvement of their home surroundings. They are not going to be content to live in filthy air.

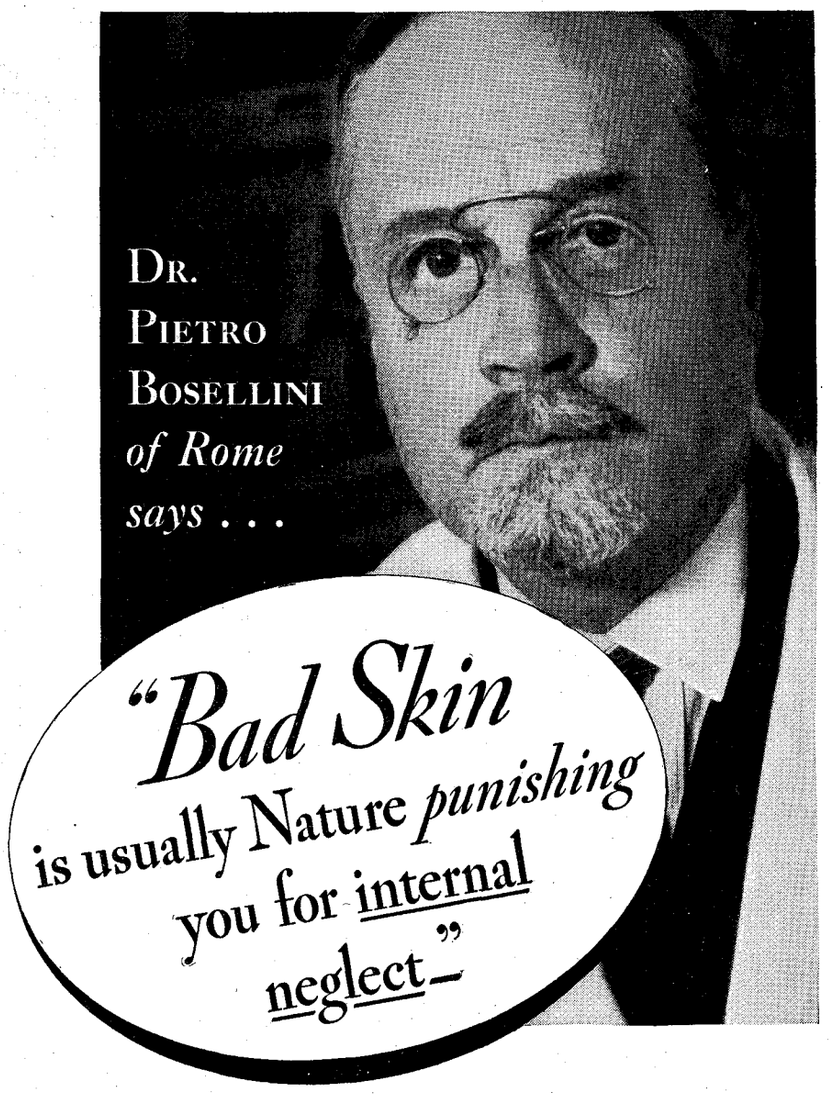
"In the future those cities which keep the air cleanest can expect to gain fastest in population, and to attract the most visitors. This is something for real-estate owners and merchants to think about. There is an immense amount of city real estate which will not be brought out of the red until it is also brought out of the soot.

"In spite of all its advantages, the city has not as yet been able to check the disposition to range deeper and deeper into suburban areas in quest of residence and factory sites.

"Much good has been accomplished through the enforcement of even the inadequate type of ordinance that most cities now possess. Marked lessening of soot has led to appreciably less damage to buildings and stocks of merchandise, and to a noticeable increase in ultra-violet radiation received at street-level."

IN Pittsburgh, we are told by Mr. Meller, 95 per cent. of the boilers and furnaces now under regulation might be made to comply with an ordinance 20 per cent. stricter than the one now in force, and he believes the same to be true of many other large industrial centers. It has taken years of patient educational labor and cooperation between city authorities and fuel burners to gain the fair degree of progress already recorded. Now, in the light of scientific research and data covering years of observation, the time has arrived to broaden the scope of the work and to change bureaus of smoke regulation into bureaus of air hygiene. He goes on:

"If proper care is exercised in the selection, installation, and operation of equipment, and in the purchase of fuel, practically smokeless combustion can be attained."



DR. BOSELLINI is one of the most famous skin specialists in Italy. He is Professor of Dermatology in the great University of Rome.

He states:—

"Skin troubles as a rule must be attacked from *inside*. When wastes collect in the body, the blood absorbs poisons and . . . pimples, boils or blotches may appear.

"Fresh yeast," adds Dr. Bosellini, "has remarkable power to . . . 'tone' the intestinal tract and restore regular evacuation. The effect on the health is often remarkable. Digestion improves; headaches cease; *skin troubles soon clear up.*"

At any grocery, and most restaurants and soda fountains, you can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast. Just eat it regularly—3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

Then notice, after say 30 or 60 days, how much clearer and fresher your complexion has become.

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, *stimulates* the intestines . . . softens the wastes in the body so you can eliminate them easily. The result is, your system is cleansed. The poisons that were *causing* your bad skin, bad breath, headaches, indigestion and general "run-down" feeling are gently cleared out.

Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

"Our faces were broken out"

"My sister and I both had skin trouble," *writes* Miss Virginia Koons (at left) *of Miami Beach, Fla.* "We dreaded to be seen . . . A doctor had advised yeast for a friend . . . We tried it—noticed improvement in a week. Fleischmann's Yeast entirely cleared up our skin trouble."

IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G, D—the kind famous doctors advise.

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Fighting Rust With Metal Coats

IRON COLUMNS AND BEAMS, entirely unprotected, have been standing in India since a few centuries after the beginning of the Christian era.

They are still in serviceable condition.

Their long life can probably be attributed to the dry climate. In the United States the rusting of iron and steel is usually so rapid that some protective coating must be used to give a reasonable service life.

Yet, there is an estimated annual loss in excess of a quarter billion dollars from corrosion in the United States alone. Says R. B. Mears in *The Bell Laboratories Record* (New York):

Courtesy of the Bell Telephone Laboratories

Making Rust in Order to Prevent Rust

The continual spray on samples of various metals shows which are best to use.

"Metallic coatings may protect the base metal in two ways: mechanically, by excluding the corroding environment; electro-chemically, by being attacked preferentially. While several metals are known which are very resistant to ordinary outdoor exposures, it is difficult to apply them commercially as coatings entirely free from small cracks or pores.

"At these discontinuities in the coating, small electrical cells are produced, when a film of an electrolyte is present. Between the two metals, an electric current flows, and the less noble or 'anodic' metal dissolves.

"In general, for outdoor exposure it is desirable that the coating be of a metal which is anodic to the iron or steel base. Zinc and cadmium are anodic to iron and steel in ordinary environments. Nickel, chromium, lead, and tin coatings do not protect iron or steel electro-chemically, and perhaps actually accelerate corrosion.

"Zinc is the most widely used protective metal coating. Hot-dipt or galvanized zinc coatings are probably used to the greatest extent, but galvannealed (galvanized, heat-treated coatings) sherardized, and electroplated zinc coatings are also widely employed. For outdoor exposure hot-dipt coatings of other metals, especially lead and tin, have been used. As these are more noble than iron in most exposures, satisfactory protection and good appearance can only be retained if they are applied as adherent, relatively pore-free coatings. This can generally not be done commercially to compete in cost with zinc coatings. Recently, electro-deposited cadmium has had rather wide use.

"Aluminum is now used to some extent, and would be more widely employed if its melting point were lower. Sprayed coatings of aluminum and other metals have found a limited use."

The Bell Laboratories, we are told, have undertaken tests on a fairly complete series of the metallic finishes commonly used outdoors. Part of the roof of the West Street Building was chosen for the testing ground. Mr. Mears goes on:

"Here for more than three years samples of steel coated with metallic finishes have been corroding in exposure to normal weather. Another set of samples has been exposed to an excessive rainfall simulated by a water spray turned on thrice daily during the eight months without freezing weather. As a measure of the extent of corrosion, the losses in weight have been noted every two months.

"Certain significant results have been obtained. The sprayed nickel and monel-metal coatings failed in less than two months, probably because of their porosity. Sprayed aluminum, altho discoloring soon after exposure, has shown little further discoloration. Sprayed lead was better than sprayed nickel, but not as good as sprayed aluminum. The hot-dipt lead and tin specimens, carrying heavy weights of coating, have weathered slowly, but now show signs of pinhole corrosion.

"All of the coatings of zinc and its alloys had rates of weathering of the same order; the rate for the electroplated zinc cadmium coating was somewhat less than for the others.

"The unalloyed cadmium coatings, however, weather at twice the rate of the zinc coatings. This was unexpected, for the salt-spray test had shown them to be far better than equally thick zinc coatings. Hence it appears that the best field for cadmium as a finish is on the sea coast.

"The spray uniformly doubles the corrosion rate of zinc coatings, but does not increase the rate of corrosion of the other coatings in the same proportion.

"The curvature of the surface has a pronounced effect on the weathering of a zinc coating. A wire of 0.02 inch diameter lost about 4.5 times as much weight per unit area as the thickest wire (0.5 inch). The economic significance of this is that much heavier zinc coatings are required on wires than on sheets."

Dirt Adds Millions to Lighting Costs

ONE BILLION DOLLARS WAS SPENT by the American people last year to get artificial light.

But adequate and intelligent maintenance would save approximately $300,000,000 in this country alone, according to a statement made by Samuel G. Hibben of the Westinghouse Lamp Company at the Conference on Economics of Applied Lighting held recently in Cleveland.

Says the Westinghouse News Service (New York):

"'The maintenance of lighting, which consists largely of keeping the globes clean, is often neglected, except in some factories and buildings where the size of the lighting installation is so extensive that every detail of efficient operation is taken into consideration,' according to Mr. Hibben, who is manager of the Commercial Engineering Department of his company's plant at Bloomfield, New Jersey.

"One of the high points of Mr. Hibben's talk, 'The High Cost of Neglected Maintenance,' was that the general public is not aware of the correct way to figure how to get the most light for the money they spend for electricity. 'I have repeatedly stated,' Mr. Hibben added, 'that water is cheaper than watts, but in spite of that fact, we would be appalled if we knew how seldom, on the average, lamps and reflectors are properly washed. Of all our public servants, the most conspicuous by their absence are the Gold Dust twins—yet washing is vital to our net objective—seeing ability.'

"'People in general are too ready to put too great an emphasis on the actual lighting bill, and consequently hesitate to increase the wattage of the lamps in use when brighter lighting is desired. Now, if the lighting fixtures are not cleaned frequently, the accumulation of dirt and dust is going to cut down on the amount of light emanating from the lamp, and perhaps in many instances make it appear as tho a brighter lamp is needed. The application of a little soap and water, or the mere dusting with a damp cloth, may restore the original efficiency of the lighting fixture and lamp, and aid the home-owner to get the most light for the money he is spending on the electricity necessary to make the lamp burn.

"'I would say that if all our lighting installations and their immediate surroundings could be cleaned and reconditioned to-day, then the illumination that this nation enjoyed last night would be well-nigh doubled to-night.'"

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New Long-Distance Thermometer

"JANITOR, it's as cold as the North Pole up here! I'm nearly frozen stiff."

"Madam, it is 72 degrees in your apartment. You must be sitting in a draft. Maybe you left a bedroom window open."

How did the janitor know it was 72?

A new temperature-recorder known as an "electrotemp," recording the entire scale from the ice point to the steam point, enables a janitor of a building to tell whether it is the lady or the room in Apartment D that is cold.

This latest achievement of science was developed by H. D. Sparks, an engineer of the Westinghouse Company, and was shown for the first time in New York recently.

Mr. Sparks is thus quoted in the Westinghouse News Service (New York):

"Temperature control has been one of the chief worries of engineers for many years. With this new apparatus, it will be possible to check temperatures at a central point from remote mines, beds of rivers, or refrigerator-cars lying at isolated sidings.

"Another important angle in connection with this new device is with the rapid development of air-conditioning of buildings. It is important that the temperature of all parts of the structure be known at all times. The rapid increase of this new industry is responsible for the development of this new temperature control.

"The installation in an apartment house of this unique apparatus will put the janitor or superintendent in complete control of the temperature throughout the building. The apparatus, which is very accurate, can be plugged into any electric-light socket and wired up with ordinary bell wire to as many extensions or points as are necessary.

"The apparatus required for installation is very simple. All that is necessary is ordinary bell-wire leads from the temperature control to the search-coils located at different points throughout the building. After plugging into the regular house-lighting circuit, the apparatus begins to work. The search-coils, which are sensitive detectors of temperature, consist of pieces of copper wire in a small compact metal plate, provided with an artistic cover-plate which can be screwed to the wall, mounted outdoors or even inserted into the hot-water system or the electric refrigerator. Since more current flows in cold copper than in hot copper, the search-coil is able to detect differences in temperature, which are passed on to the 'electrotemp' instrument located at the central point."

THE "electrotemp" shown in New York had nine different extensions on it, namely, outdoors, bathroom, hot-water heater, garage, nursery, living-room, refrigerator, beer-barrel, and a ninth used to check or adjust the accuracy of the temperature of the above-mentioned places. To check the temperature at various points, all that is necessary is to adjust a set-screw on the side of the apparatus, bringing the indicator to zero, which proves that the apparatus is working accurately. The "electrotemp" then is ready to check the temperature at any of the points indicated on the dial.

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Really possible on the BREMEN and EUROPA

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Thrill of crossing on the fastest liners afloat...with 4 to 7 days in London and Paris by these all-expense tours. Other longer tours to all Europe at lower and higher prices by Lloyd express and cabin liners.

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GLORIOUS HOURS in the aristocratic capital of England with its majestic Houses of Parliament, Crown Jewels of the historic Tower, London Bridge and the busy Thames, the Cheshire Cheese Inn, exclusive Mayfair, the Old Curiosity Shop, gay Piccadilly.

Then the Pleasure City of France with its cathedrals and palaces, boulevards and parks, cabarets and dancing until dawn, artists and apaches of Montmartre, sidewalk cafes, light-hearted crowds, theatres, fashionable shops.

And to make the most of this occasion you glide over and back on the transatlantic champions, enjoy the cosmopolitan atmosphere of these magnificent liners, the music, dancing and entertainments, take part in the festivities on board, indulge in their delicious cuisine and the comfort of their immaculate accommodations.

Write for Booklets and Information describing in interesting detail the features of these unusual tours at remarkably low prices.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A Man of "Steel Hardened in a Crucible"

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT IS THE SUBJECT of a pen-picture which has evoked wide comment, and from which we quote a phrase in our head-line.

It was written, as we shall see, prior to the crime at Miami, yet thoughtful observers discern a continuity between the two. They see the crucible still working—the crucible of fiery experience which tries men's souls, and which, for years, had been putting a tempered edge on Franklin Roosevelt's mind, heart, and will.

Keystone

How He Takes an Oath

Sworn in on the seventeenth-century family Bible for his second term as Governor.

The writer of this pen-picture—Drew Pearson in the February *Harper's*—draws attention especially to the action of the crucible in the case of the bodily affliction which fell upon Mr. Roosevelt eleven years ago—the affliction to which he refused to surrender, and which he finally fought off with extraordinary gallantry.

The same gallantry came out when he was under the assassin's fire at Miami, under the circumstances related in our last issue. "He faced death," exclaims the New York *Evening Post*, "with the breeding and courage of his fighting race. Every one knew he would. It is, perhaps, the greatest tribute to the splendor of his conduct that the country simply took it for granted.

"America knew in advance that under fire its new President would stand cool and calm, and that, afterward, he would reassure the crowd and devote himself to the care of those who had taken the bullets meant for himself."

AND this tribute from a newspaper of opposite political faith, which opposed Roosevelt in November, concludes:

Franklin Roosevelt lives, and this horrid break in the discipline of a patient and well-ordered people will but serve to close their ranks behind him to a degree that would have been impossible had not a crack-brained coward tried to kill him.

Those who witness our new President's inauguration, which takes place in Washington on Saturday, the date of this issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, may see a Franklin Roosevelt slightly graver, sterner, with lines more deeply etched because of that baptism of fire, with the shock of its malevolence, the suffering for and with his wounded friends, and the realization of his own Providential escape in the very shadow of death.

And it may occur to those observers that the crucible of fiery experience has again tempered Franklin Roosevelt to a still finer edge for the great tasks and trials ahead of him.

The President's own account of the exciting events in Miami is given by an Associated Press correspondent to whom he imparted it on the following day en route to New York. Thus:

"I have heard so many accounts myself that I have been trying to think what really happened as I saw it.

"After I had finished speaking, some one from the talking-picture people climbed on the back of the car and said, 'You must repeat that speech for us.' I said I would not. He said, 'We have come 1,000 miles for this.' I said 'I am very sorry, but I can't do it.'

"Having said that, I slid off the back of the car into my seat.

"Just then Mayor Cermak came forward, and I talked with him about a minute about Chicago in general. Then he moved off behind the car. Bob Clark (one of the Secret Service men) was standing right by him. As he moved away a man came forward with a long telegram and started telling me what it contained. While he was talking I leaned forward. Just then I heard what I thought was a firecracker—then several more. The man talking with me pulled back, and the chauffeur started the car.

"I looked around and saw Mayor Cermak doubled up, with Mrs. Gill collapsing. I told the chauffeur to stop. He did, about fifteen feet from where we started. The Secret Service men shouted to him, 'Get out of the crowd.' The chauffeur started again, and I stopt him again—this time at the corner of the bandstand.

"Looking back I saw Cermak being carried along, and we put him in our car. He was alive, but I was afraid he wouldn't last. I got my hand on his pulse, and found none. He was on the seat with me, and I had my left arm around him. He slumped forward. A detective from Miami, standing on the running-board on that side of the car, was leaning over him. He said, after we had gone a couple of blocks, he was afraid Cermak would not last.

"I, too, was fearful. Just then Cermak straightened up and I got his pulse. That was surprizing. For three blocks I actually believed his heart had stopt.

"I held him all the way to the hospital, and his pulse constantly improved. It seemed like twenty-five miles to the hospital. I talked to him all the way. I remember I said, 'Tony, don't move—keep quiet—it won't hurt if you keep quiet and remain perfectly still.'

"I found that a bullet—the one probably that hit Cermak—grazed the top of Clark's hand. His hand was all bloody and scratched.

"You know, I knew Bill Sinnott. I kidded him at the hospital this morning, and told him they couldn't hurt him with a bullet in the head. It would just bounce off. I left orders for them to starve him and take off at least twenty pounds avoirdupois."

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Zangara, the Would-be Assassin, and His Revolver

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Before telling of Franklin Roosevelt's earlier bout with the fiery crucible, Mr. Pearson in his *Harper's* article sketches a few of the activities that occupied the preceding years of his career in national affairs. Thus:

There were few places he did not visit, little he did not do.

When the submarine *F4* sank off Hawaii in 1915, with all hands aboard, Roosevelt went down in another submarine at the same spot.

When the New York delegation refused to join the demonstration in honor of Woodrow Wilson at the San Francisco Convention in 1920, Roosevelt grabbed the

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She Knocked Up Zangara's Arm

Mrs. W. F. Cross, wife of a Miami doctor, may have saved the President's life.

standard from the bulky Jeremiah T. Mahoney, its bearer, and paraded it round the hall himself.

In the 1920 campaign he made more speeches and traveled more miles than any other Vice-Presidential candidate in history. And in 1918 he had intended resigning his assistant secretaryship to put on a uniform, when the Armistice suddenly was signed.

For a man of such restless energy to be stricken with paralysis one year after his Vice-Presidential campaign would ordinarily have meant complete surrender.

For adults, infantile paralysis frequently is fatal. Their recovery is infinitely more difficult than that of children. Roosevelt was then thirty-nine.

At first he could scarcely move. Most men at that age would have considered their active life ended.

Roosevelt had squeezed into his thirty-nine years more than most men accomplish in sixty. He had wealth, social position, family—everything to tempt him to surrender to the life of an invalid. That he did not is what made Roosevelt what he is to-day.

For there is written on his face now something he did not have eleven years ago. The traces of suffering are there, and understanding—but under the smile which his political opponents say is worth a million dollars, there is steel, hardened in a crucible through which few people have ever passed.

At another point of the article Mr.

FIRST CLASS

from the label on your bag to the Luxury of your stateroom

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Yearsofexperience andtraditions of a sea-going race mould the able officers of Anchor Line ships.

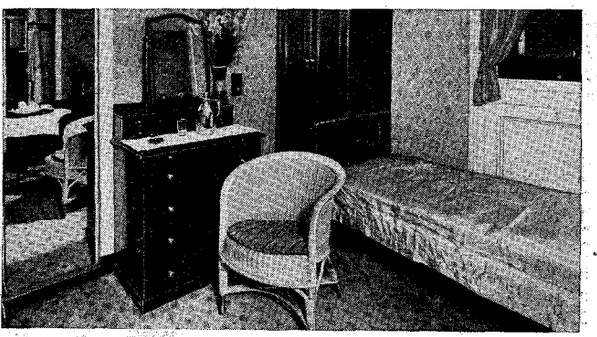
The label . . . First Class . . . undeniable distinction! For only $140 up, you may travel aboard the *Caledonia*, the *Transylvania*... finest and newest ships of a Line backed by 81 years of tradition . . . the only First Class Liners in regular service to Scotland, calling at Ireland!

Sailings from New York to Belfast and Glasgow:

Transylvania, March 25, April 25 and (via Boston) May 20 and June 17*;

Caledonia, via Boston, May 6 and June 3; direct July 1*.

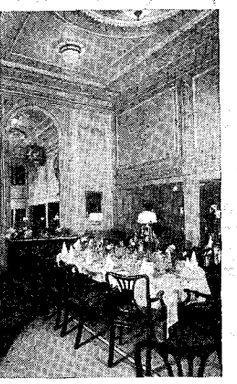
*Summer rate $147 up.



Staterooms are distinctive in taste, modernly luxurious in their comforts.

Smart . . . with speed in the angle of his cap, courtesy in his smile . . . this bell-boy is a symbol of Anchor Line service.

A "Gym" complete from reducing machines to fencing foils, with an expert instructor to show you how.



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Utmost value in comfort and pleasure. Cabin Class Anchor Liners sail from New York to Londonderry and Glasgow: *Cameronia*, March 11, April 8, April 29, May 27; *California*, May 13, June 10.

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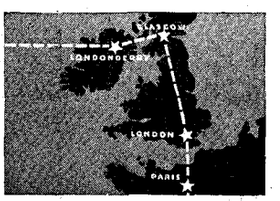
ENTER EUROPE VIA IRELAND, SCOTLAND and ENGLAND

Glasgow is only 8 hours by train from London, 15 hours from Paris . . . less of course by air.



ANCHOR LINE

Literature and information from your Local Agent or Anchor Line, 25 Broadway, New York

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"REGULAR" FOLKS

BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER

TENDER little children and strong men! It is significant that Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for both. And yet it is easy to understand. For there is no age limit to safety! And mildness and effectiveness are essential for young and old.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Take an Ex-Lax or two tonight and feel fine tomorrow! When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax!

At all drug stores, 10c and 25c sizes.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Pearson continues his impression of unsuspected strength of will in the subject of his pen-sketch. He declares:

The steel is inflexible. Sometimes Roosevelt is slow to make up his mind. He hears every side of the case. He assimilates all kinds of data. But once he makes a decision, it stands.

This is what happened in the case of Jimmie Walker. Roosevelt's friends said, "You can't afford to alienate Tammany," and they flocked to Albany with advice. Only Louis Howe, life-long intimate, stayed behind. "The Governor has made up his mind," he said. "Nothing can change him now."

Eventually even the redoubtable Jimmie realized this and resigned.

A month or so later Tammany Boss John F. Curry went to the Democratic State Convention in Albany determined to prevent the nomination of Herbert H. Lehman as Governor, and to renominate Walker as Mayor. The election of Lehman meant the continued influence of Tammany's chief rival, Ed Flynn, of the Bronx; which, with the permanent shelving of Walker, meant the waning of Curry's power. So to win the support of Al Smith, Curry proposed to send him to the Senate, replacing Senator Robert F. Wagner, who was to run for Governor.

Calling Roosevelt to the telephone, Curry outlined his plan, then listened as the icy voice of the Governor came back over the wire:

"You can either nominate Lehman as Governor, or your own man and take the consequences."

The Lehman ticket went through.

Roosevelt will be a more interesting President, Mr. Pearson hazards, "than any we have had in some time." For instance:

He will react better to the spotlight of publicity which exposes the President of the United States to more movie film than John Barrymore, more handshakes than Babe Ruth, which constantly reveals where he goes, what he eats, who his friends are.

Roosevelt will smile more, he will be more informal, a little more pleasant to have round; his press relations will be better.

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The Clan that Will Hold Its Gatherings at the White House

From the left standing: Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Dall, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Seated: the elder Mrs. Roosevelt and her only son, Franklin.

As long as there is patronage and an approaching election, the House of Representatives will support the President. He knows how to crack the whip. He has an unusual capacity for coupling fight with tact. He knows how to appeal to the country. He has handled a recalcitrant Republican Legislature in Albany for four years, and made remarkable progress.

He will lead; and there will be a reasonable degree of unity and purpose in government.

FROM these high concerns of destiny we turn to "My Boy, Franklin," a series of biographical articles dictated by the President's mother to Isabel Leighton and Gabrielle Forbush, and running in *Good Housekeeping*. It gives a leisurely picture of an only son brought up by his well-to-do parents in a long, rambling house overlooking the Hudson River. From the first page we select this unusual bit:

Did I ever think when he was little that Franklin might be President? Never, oh, never! That was the last thing I should ever have imagined for him, or that he should be in public life of any sort. I know

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that traditionally every American mother believes her son will one day be President, but much as I love tradition and believe in perpetuating good ones, that is one to which I never happened to subscribe.

What was my ambition for him? Very simple—it might even be thought not very ambitious, but to me, and to him, too, it was the highest ideal I could hold up before my boy—to grow to be like his father, straight and honorable, just and kind, an upstanding American.

We learn of Franklin's pony and his playmates, his love of sea tales, his trips abroad with papa and mama, his little rifle and his home-made collection of stuffed birds. Then this:

The great treat, in Franklin's estimation, was his visit to the Museum of Natural History. We could have all the rest if only we could let him browse to his heart's content among the dinosaurs, the Indian relics, the stuffed animals, and the fallen meteors.

In fact, one of the most amusing experiences he had, in his younger teen days when he was beginning to travel along more independent of his father and me, came about because of this devotion to the Museum. As a very special reward for having completed his collection of Hudson River birds, his grandfather Delano had presented Franklin with a life membership in the Museum, and the announcement of the honor had come to him in the form of an elaborately gold-decorated, engraved card. He was so proud of this that he carried it everywhere with him; and so it went abroad in his pocket, even tho you might think it quite useless as part of the equipment of a European traveler.

But, as it happened, the card served a very useful purpose. Franklin and his tutor were in London, and he, of course, wanted to see the wonderful collection of birds in the South Kensington Museum; but on arriving there, they found guards outside the building and dashing equipages drawing up to the door to discharge European ladies and gentlemen drest in the height of fashion. It turned out that the Prince of Wales, later Edward the Seventh, was present to open a new wing of the Museum, and that a very select garden party was being held to celebrate this great occasion.

Franklin and his tutor consulted on the matter, and a most ingenious scheme evolved. Out came the gold-decorated, engraved card, and it was passed over to the tutor. The latter presented it at the door, for both of them felt that as a credential it would come better from a grown man than from a fourteen-year-old boy. After consulting various top-hatted officials, the liveried doorman bowed in the shameless pair, and they were entertained under the impression that they were distinguished visiting scientists!

My grandchildren say that to-day this outrageous sort of behavior is known as "gate-crashing," and instead of being ashamed of their father for such carryings on, they consider it a most delightful story.

Franklin, I haven't a doubt, conducted himself with a perfectly disgraceful amount of assurance and a tact designed to camouflage the perfidy, of which to this day I am not so sure I approve. He always had a happy faculty for saying the right thing.

This fond mother's memories of a future President include an account of his courtship and marriage. As this gives us a

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Only on the BIG THREE *will you find decks like these... to*

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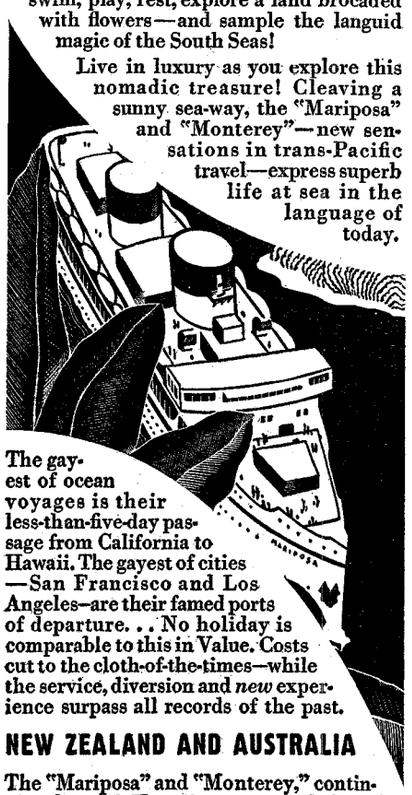

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fresh glimpse of the new "First Lady of the land," we quote:

Franklin, unknown to any of us, had become engaged to his distant cousin, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, a delightful child of nineteen, whom I had known and loved since babyhood. Her father, Elliott Roosevelt, had been godfather to my boy, and I had seen Franklin when he was but four trundle Eleanor, then only eighteen months old, about on his back in the nursery at Hyde Park.

I don't believe I remember ever hearing him talk about girls, or even a girl, except on that memorable occasion when he had taken a young lady driving in a dogcart on Long Island, and found to his consternation that she had fainted. He was so taken aback by this unlooked-for turn of events that he dropt the reins—at which the horse ran away. While Franklin was debating whether first to revive the young lady or to try to regain control of the horse, Providence intervened in the form of an obstruction, the cart came to a sudden, abrupt halt.

Once the natural excitement that goes with a brand-new engagement had subsided, and the family fêting had abated a little, the children went ahead with their plans, Franklin entering Columbia Law School, and Eleanor making her preparations for their wedding.

On St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1905, they were married at the home of Eleanor's cousin, Mrs. Henry Parish, Jr.

But Uncle Teddy stole the limelight from the bridal pair. Just listen:

Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, gave his brother's only daughter away, and his daughter, Alice, later to become the wife of Nicholas Longworth, was one of the bridesmaids.

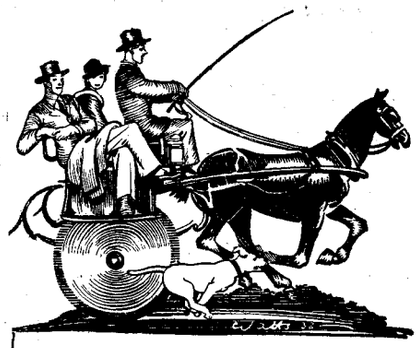
Eleanor and Franklin often to this day laugh over their chagrin when, immediately after the service had ended, and they took their places in the receiving line, they found that their guests were more concerned in greeting the President than in congratulating them. For an awful moment, the children insist, they were left entirely alone while the crowd hovered around Mr. Roosevelt, shaking him by the hand.

Hard Times in the Zoo

Among the disregarded victims of the depression, we are reminded by *The Nation*, are some hundreds of lions, tigers, elephants, and other wild animals which were dragged from their native forests to be shut up in municipal or circus zoos that are now no longer willing to feed them.

They can't be sold because no one will buy them, and the city of Spokane, for example, has decided simply to slaughter a collection which includes polar bears, buffaloes, and grizzlies.

Cincinnati has a better plan, which consists in setting school children the task of selling tickets of admission to the Zoo, but almost any solution is better than that adopted by a showman who sold two lions to a St. Louis eccentric who used them to stage a lion-hunt for his own amusement. The spectacle of this man vainly attempting to make the tame beasts leave their cage in order that he might imagine himself a mighty hunter as he shot at them furnished one of the most revolting of the minor grotesqueries of our civilization.



BEFORE YOU MAKE UP YOUR SCHEDULE

for the European trip this year be sure to take Ireland into account. You'll be passing south of it any way, so why not get off at Cobh (many big liners call there) and see Killarney or the fiords of Kerry or Connemara and the highlands of Donegal? It is a lovely country full of a peacefulness and beauty that is fading out of Europe and America. Going to Ireland is like a visit to another world.

Illustrated pamphlets from T. R. Dester, Vice-President—Passenger Traffic, (Dept A-33) L M S Corporation, and G S Rlys. of Ireland Agency, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or from your own Ticket Agent.

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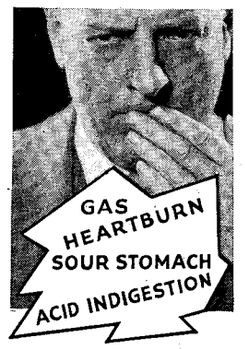

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A Canine Ed Wynn Among the Tombs of Kings

PEDRO—"the perfect fool among dogs"—was a pariah of the desert, one of the tribe of skulking, yapping, flea-bitten pests that haunt the towns and villages of Egypt.

But he was blest with a slapstick sense of humor, and that set him apart from his disconsolate fellows. As a clown he won what few pariahs ever win—a human friend. No Mohammedan of the old school cares to touch a dog with his hand.

Somewhat of a scientist, too, was Pedro. At least, he cooperated lustily in the cause of science, by making the dirt fly in archeological excavations, tombs in the Luxor necropolis. To him, it was just an elaborate rat hunt, but "many are the sepulchers of ancient princes his two front paws have unwittingly helped to uncover."

Pedro's clowning misadventures are all the more amusing because they stand out so sharply against his background—a race of cringing yellow dogs that look upon man as a possible meal ticket, but otherwise without merit. Arthur Weigall tells us about them—and Pedro—in the Baltimore *Sun* Magazine:

They are termed pariahs. Altho the word, applied to a dog, really means one that has passed from domestication back to a wild state, these Egyptian dogs are found only in human habitations.

When you go into a native village the dogs bark madly and follow you down the particular sections of the road which they think are their own preserves.

BUT Pedro was different not only in personality but in appearance. In some parts of Egypt a sheep-dog strain is to be observed in the pariahs. Hence, it happens that "a perfectly respectable mother of a pariah family, with her hair as short as a seal's and her long, lean tail curled nervously between her legs, will sometimes produce a puppy that is quite a good specimen of the gray and shaggy Pyrenean sheep dog."

Such a dog was Pedro. "He never bit anybody in his life," says Mr. Weigall, but when it came to clowning, he relates:

Once a certain Englishman walked unannounced into my garden while the doorkeepers were dozing in the sun, and when he saw this savage-looking sheep dog charging down on him across the lawn, he remembered a trick he had read about in a book on self-defense. The idea was to snatch off your hat and hold it out in front of you, and when the dog sprang at it, as he would naturally do, you would have the opportunity to kick him under the jaw with all your strength.

But Pedro, who could see with half an eye that this was no enemy, took the helmet, tossed it into the air, trundled it through the mud of a recently watered flower bed, bit a piece out of the brim, and then brought it back to him and dropt it at his feet, wagging his stump of a tail in expectation of a further game.

He could climb trees like a cat, or practically walk up the side of a house, and he enjoyed a ramble over the desert hills, where he could claw his way up the cliffs, jump from rock to rock and pretend to be a gazel.

He also enjoyed a bath in the Nile, and, when I dived in, he would fling himself after me, hurtling through the air and hitting the water with a huge splash, often almost on my head. He thought this screamingly funny.

BUT, on another occasion, the laugh was on Pedro. As we are told:

Once when we were out for a walk on the edge of the desert we encountered a flock of sheep—rather a rare sight in the Luxor neighborhood—and the instincts of his race were too much for him. He ran off to make a close inspection of them, while I whistled him back in vain, fearing he would stampede them. He rather resembled a sheep himself, however, and not one member of the flock showed the least fear of him.

Presently I saw him hurrying toward me, looking very embarrassed, with two well-grown lambs following him closely; they appeared to have thought he was their mother, and they gamboled around him until he was back at my side. Then, suddenly, like the wolf in Red Riding Hood, he turned upon them, showed all his teeth and uttered a terrible growl. I have never seen two such dumfounded lambs in my life.

Pedro loved digging, his owner continues, "and whenever he went with me to visit any archeological excavations which were in progress, he could not resist having a go at the work himself." Continuing:

Most of the tombs in the Luxor necropolis are cut in the solid rock beneath the surface débris, and robbers in ancient times have tunneled from one to another, so that often you can crawl long distances underground, and Pedro was always very interested in burrowing through these half-choked passages in search of that fantasmal rat we all seemed to be looking for.

One day I was watching our native workmen as they tunneled their way toward the buried entrance of a tomb, when, suddenly, they flung down their tools and ran for their lives. I nearly fled, too, when, going close, I heard the most ghostly grunts and breathings coming from beyond the loose débris which had not been disturbed by the hand of man for thousands of years.

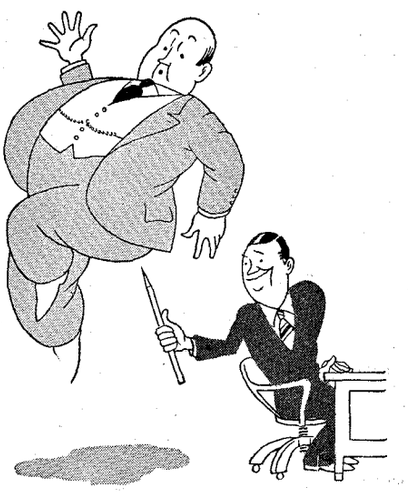
Then, through the sand and rubble, appeared the face of Pedro, gray with the antique dust of a robber's passage which we had overlooked and through which he had crawled from the open sepulcher next door.

Maybe to Keep Baby Quiet.—Toward the end of his lecture the speaker had urged the leading men of the industrial city to put more beauty in their surroundings.

"The idea is all right," interrupted one of the big men, "but the prosperity of this town is due to the efforts of hard-headed business men. All the time we are doing things, and we've no time to worry about being beautiful."

This announcement was greeted with a burst of applause, and the speaker found many wrathful eyes turned on him.

"Really," he remarked with a smile. "Then, if you don't object to so personal a question, would you mind telling me why you have dyed your whiskers?"—*Answers* (*London*).



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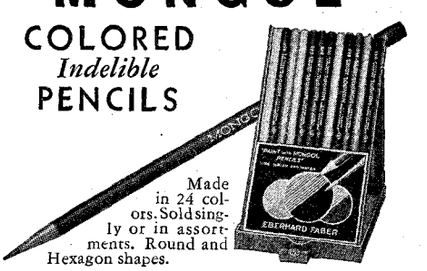

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EBERHARD FABER

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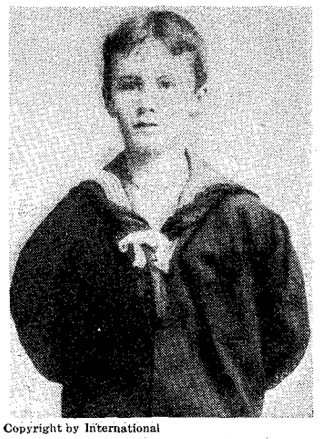
High Jinks on Moving Day at the White House

THERE WAS ONE INAUGURAL PARTY where punch-bowls were carried out on the lawn, "to lure the more bibulous out-of-doors."

Such, according to one more or less credible historian, was a high spot of the inauguration of Andrew Jackson.



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Franklin Roosevelt's Mama Never Dreamed of His Being President

It is recalled by a writer in the Springfield *Republican*, apropos of another and far different Democratic inauguration which may be going on, or soon to start, as these lines are read.

There will be no punch at the Roosevelt reception—unless it be of the denatured variety indorsed by the W. C. T. U.—but the tradition of Democratic hospitality will be followed to the extent that the Roosevelts plan to entertain no fewer than 1,575 guests at the White House on March 4.

These guests, the *Republican* writer tells us, will partake of three meals, the first which the Roosevelts will have at the executive mansion, and they will be eaten standing up, buffet style. Five hundred guests are expected for the first meal, luncheon. These include family, relatives, friends, Governors of various States, and Democratic leaders from all parts of the country.

What will they eat and drink? With American frankness we are told in advance:

Their menu will be bouillon, two kinds of sandwiches, fish salad, chicken salad, ice-cream, cake and coffee.

For tea there will be 1,000 guests, including large delegations from Hyde Park and Poughkeepsie, New York, and Warm Springs, Georgia, where the President-elect has spent many months in his battle with infantile paralysis. Tea and coffee and fruit punch, assorted sandwiches, ice-cream and cake will be served to these guests. In the evening only relatives will be present at the White House dinner—but there will be seventy-five of these at least. For these Mrs. Roosevelt has arranged a menu of oyster stew, scrambled eggs and sausages, creamed chicken, fried potatoes, peas, buttered rolls, celery and olives, various kinds of jelly, charlotte russe and coffee.

The first two of these meals will be gatherings of the more "deserving Democrats," practically all of whom will be active candidates for some post or other within the gift of the new Administration.

In addition to these the surviving members of the last Democratic Cabinet will reassemble as the personal guests of President-elect Roosevelt for his inauguration ceremonies. Twelve of the nineteen men who headed the government departments during the two Administrations of Woodrow Wilson are still alive. Several of them are still in public life, but others are retired.

From the purely ceremonial point of view, the inauguration will probably outdo any of recent years. With the "lame-duck" amendment threatening to put an end to the showmanship angle of future inaugurations, the committee headed by Admiral Grayson has arranged a thoroughgoing program.

Primarily, of course, the inauguration will revolve about the activities of the incoming President. His official day will begin about 11 A. M., when he will call at the White House to be joined for the trip to the Capitol by the retiring Chief Executive. Time was when the full parade accompanied the two men up to the Capitol and back. In recent years the cavalcade to the Capitol has been comparatively simple.

On March 4, President Hoover and President-elect Roosevelt will occupy the first automobile. Their wives will be in a second car. The secret service men and a few newspaper correspondents will follow. The escort will consist of cavalry from Fort Myer.

ON arrival at the Capitol the President-elect will go to the President's room adjoining the Senate chamber. There, we are told, he will wait until the time set for the swearing in of the Vice-President, and meanwhile:

Members of the Senate and the House will crowd the floor of the upper chamber.

The diplomatic gallery will be resplendent with the brilliant uniforms of the envoys accredited by foreign countries to the United States.

The executive gallery will be reserved for members of the Presidential family and personally invited guests.

The remainder of the gallery space will be occupied by those fortunate enough to obtain some of the special tickets which are distributed to each Senator and Representative.

The ceremonies in connection with the induction of the Vice-President into office are comparatively short and simple. At their conclusion all of the company, with the exception of the President-elect, will proceed to the stands erected at the east front of the Capitol.

When they have been seated, the President-elect will follow and immediately upon his arrival will be given the oath of office by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Provision will be made this year for the accommodation of several thousand specially invited persons in the stands at the Capitol.

In addition loud-speakers will be set up all over the east plaza so that 100,000 persons will have no difficulty in seeing and hearing the ceremonies. Both broadcasting chains will, of course, carry the inaugural address.

GENERAL PERSHING'S acceptance of the ranking post in the inaugural parade means "that the commander-in-chief of the military forces of the United States in the World War will once more traverse Pennsylvania Avenue at the head of the men he has led down the same historic thoroughfare on other notable occasions." Reading on:

Besides the parade, the other great unofficial feature of the inauguration will be the inaugural ball. This will be held in the Washington auditorium on the night of March 4.

In addition to Mrs. Roosevelt and the Roosevelt family, Vice-President Garner and Mrs. Garner, are to be guests of honor

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In Miami: A Moment Before the Shots Rang Out

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as are all the visiting Governors, including especially the four New England Democrats.

The auditorium, capable of accommodating 8,000 persons, will be lavishly decorated. Tiers of boxes will surround the floor space occupied by members of the diplomatic corps, political and social leaders.

Entertainment features to occupy the time prior to the reception to the ball's distinguished guests will be provided. And, incidentally, "depression" prices of $5 per person prevail for the inaugural ball, as compared with $10 four years ago.

The expense of the inaugural—with the single exception of the cost of the stands erected at the Capitol—is an obligation assumed entirely by Washingtonians. The net profits of the inaugural ball and any other entertainments for which admission is charged will be donated also to charity.

So charity will be the chief beneficiary when the hosts of Democracy gather at Washington in such numbers as have probably never been seen since the first inauguration of another Democrat, Grover Cleveland, when all previous records for inauguration crowds were broken.

Incidentally, Cleveland for the first time reviewed the parade from a special stand in front of the White House, the forerunner of the modern "Court of Honor." This year's "Court of Honor" will harken back to the days of Washington, the committee having arranged a replica of the façade of old Federal hall in New York, where Washington first took the oath of office.

Thus, amid the panoply of pageantry and scenes reminiscent of great days in America's history, as well as in a spirit of expectancy and hope for greater days in the future, will "another Roosevelt" be inducted into office.

Do Most Men Know the Color of Their Wives' Eyes?

MANY do not, according to Helen Keller, who has investigated the subject.

For a long time she has been questioning people as to the use they make of their eyes.

In her own dark world of speculative brightness it seems to her amazing that people gifted with sight should use it so little.

Perhaps it is the high spot of this investigation that so many husbands have been obliged to confess, not without foolish embarrassment, that they were not sure whether their wives' eyes were green, or yellow, or what.

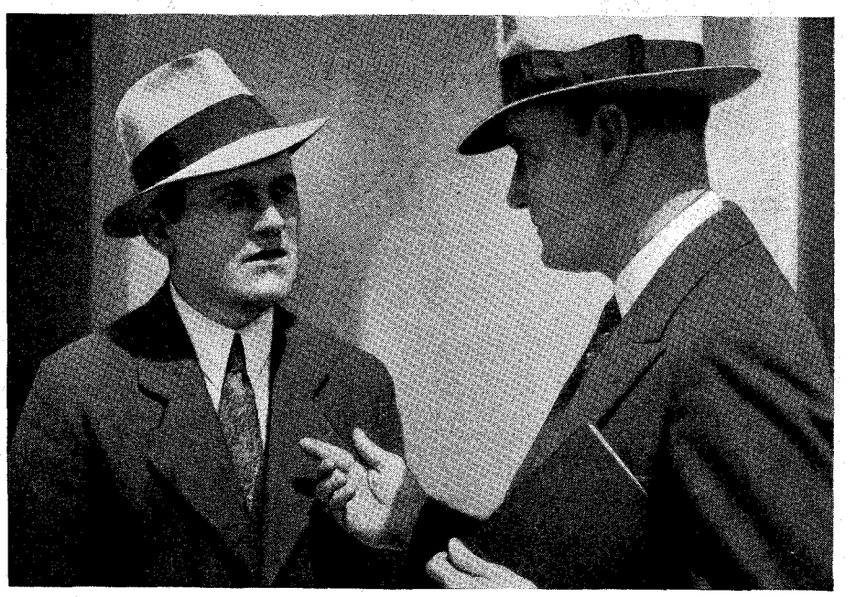
"If I were president of a university," says Helen Keller in *The Atlantic Monthly*, I should establish a course in "How to Use Your Eyes."

Under the title, "Three Days to See," she recites how she would use her vision if given that privilege. Taking life for granted, she muses, most of us are unaware of how little we do see. And she adds:

The same lethargy, I am afraid, characterizes the use of all our faculties and senses. Only the deaf appreciate hearing, only the blind appreciate the manifold blessings that lie in sight.

But those who have never suffered impairment of sight or hearing seldom make

Quicker Relief for Colds and Pains



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Remember, it is Genuine Bayer Aspirin which provides this unique, quick-acting property. So be sure you get the Real Article—GENUINE BAYER Aspirin when you buy. Naturally you want the fastest, possible relief—and that's the way to get it.

To identify the genuine, see that any box or bottle of aspirin you buy is clearly marked "Genuine Bayer Aspirin." And that any tablet you take is stamped clearly with the name "Bayer" in the form of a cross. Remember—Genuine Bayer Aspirin does not harm the heart.

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the fullest use of these blessed faculties. Recently, I was visited by a very good friend who had just returned from a walk in the woods, and I asked her what she had observed.

"Nothing in particular," she replied.

How was it possible, I asked myself, to walk for an hour through the woods and see nothing worthy of note? I who can not see find hundreds of things to interest me through touch. I feel the delicate symmetry of a leaf. I pass my hands lovingly about the smooth skin of a silver birch, or the rough shaggy bark of a pine. I feel the velvety texture of a flower.

If I can get so much pleasure from mere touch, how much more beauty must be revealed by sight!

Perhaps I can best illustrate by imagining what I should most like to see if I were given the use of my eyes, say, for just three days.

On the first day, I should want to see the people whose kindness and gentleness have made my life worth living.

I do not know what it is to see into the heart of a friend through that "window of the soul," the eye. Do not most of you seeing people grasp casually the outward features of a face and let it go at that? For instance, can you describe accurately the faces of five good friends? Some of you can, but many can not.

And, incidentally, it is a chronic complaint of wives that their husbands do not notice new dresses, new hats, and changes in household arrangements.

EYES accustomed to routine are attracted only by the spectacular, and even these eyes are lazy, as revealed by court records of "eye-witnesses," some seeing more than others, but none seeing all that they might see. After looking into the faces of her friends, Miss Keller says:

I should let my eyes rest, too, on the face of a baby, so that I could catch a vision of the eager, innocent beauty which precedes the individual's consciousness of the conflicts which life develops.

And I should like to look into the loyal trusting eyes of my dogs—the grave, canny little Scottie, Darkie, and the stalwart, understanding Great Dane, Helga, whose warm, tender, and playful friendships are so comforting to me.

On the first busy day, I should also view the small simple things of my home. I want to see the warm colors in the rugs under my feet, the pictures on the walls, the intimate trifles that transform a house into a home. My eyes would rest respectfully on the books in raised type which I have read, but they would be more eagerly interested in the printed books, revealing to me the deepest channels of human life and the human spirit.

In the afternoon of that first day, I should take a long walk in the woods and intoxicate my eyes on the beauties of the world of nature, trying desperately to absorb in a few hours the vast splendor which is constantly unfolding itself to those who can see. On my return home, I might see the patient horses plowing a field. Perhaps I should see only a tractor! And I should pray for a colorful sunset.

Art galleries, parks, women's fashion marts, Fifth and Park Avenues, the slums and factories—all these Helen Keller would see in her magical three days of light before returning to her peaceful and creative darkness.

When a "White Hope" Tackled Fiji's Champ

HE was battling hard for a knock-out. But every time he aimed a killing punch at the jaw, the giant Fijian simply ducked his head and caught the blow in his heavy mop of hair.

Time after time, the white man let fly at the huge, heavy-muscled ox of a man who had been specially picked to beat him. But it was like pounding a hair mattress. When he switched to a body attack, it was like trying to make a dent in boiler-plate.

An easy winner on points, the white man, a heavyweight himself, was only tiring himself out. According to Fijian rules, there are no rounds in a fight—it goes on until somebody is knocked out or quits. This bout was the decisive climax of a field-day in which three white men, vacationing in the Fiji Islands, were competing with the pick of the brown men of Mbau to determine supremacy in sports.

It was "we three against all of Fiji." Through a series of games, races, jumps, and weight contests, the score remained even, and the competition had dwindled down to three boxing matches.

Bertie, lightweight, was knocked cold, But Tom won his match. Score still even. And now the white heavyweight, Lewis R. Freeman, was struggling with the iron-ribbed, bushy-haired giant in the event which would decide honors for the day and the athletic prestige of the two races. Let Mr. Freeman tell you about it, as he so entertainingly does in *The Sportsman:*

The Goliath whom the Fijians led out like a prize bull had been kept out of sight all day. He was one mass of hair and rolling muscles from head to heel, and needed only a knotted war-club to complete the illusion of having stept out of the stone age.

I stood regarding the apparition with dismay as Tom (they were still fanning the prostrate Bertie with a taro leaf) began to tie on my gloves.

"They've put up a game on us," he said quietly, trying to knead the padding away from over the knuckles of my right hand. "That chap's a hard nut, and they've brought him over here from Rewa, just because Bertie was telling them you were the champion of America. It's a dirty trick, but it'll only start a row if we try to call the turn. Go ahead as if nothing was wrong; but be sure not to try any in-fighting."

I stept out to where the glowering gorilla was waiting in the middle of the circle.

For a few seconds we stared stupidly at each other, and then, because I was too nervous to stand still, I began dancing round and round my stolid opponent. He followed me with his eyes, owl-fashion, hardly moving his huge flat feet until I was almost behind him.

"He's slower even than I thought," I told myself, and began to feel better.

After prancing in a couple of circles without making my burly antagonist do more than mark time to keep me in eye sweep, I plucked up courage and stepping

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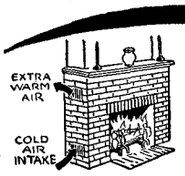

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in quickly, drove a flashing left for his prognathous jaw.

It was here that Mr. Freeman made the acquaintance of the island champion's coiffure in its capacity of a defensive weapon. As the baffled White Hope relates:

Without the flicker of an eyelash, he bent the great neck and took the blow in the depths of his woolly hair.

Hardly did he seem to need to brace himself, so completely was the force of my blow taken up in that natural shock-absorber. To a tattoo of sharp hooks in the ribs and upper abdomen, he replied in the same passive way, whether I led for the face or not.

"The dolt is no more than a human punching-bag," I told myself; "but even a punching-bag has been known to break if hammered long enough," forthwith beginning to try the effect of persistent hammering.

Now and then, when I would hook a stiff jolt in under the fringe of his mop, or the side of his neck, the behemoth would wince a bit; but most of the time he let me pound away.

What to do? It was at this time that his second offered another bit of advice, as we are told:

"Ride along easy to sunset and we'll call it off for a draw," muttered Tom, behind me.

It was sound advice, and I should probably have followed it had not the Honorable Bertie (he had been brought to a few minutes previously) cut in with a fervent, "Don't quit. Step in and uppercut straight for his face. Remember you're the White Hope."

I stept forward and drove a vicious right uppercut. My glove landed squarely in the middle of the caveman's face, straightening him up with a jerk and offering the very opening for the jaw that I had been itching for.

I was just starting a left hook, when, closely following the roar of rage which signalized the landing of my right, something terrible as a bolt of wrath came hurtling against my cheek and an explosion like the crack of doom rang in my ears.

What about Caucasian prestige now? Manfully, Mr. Freeman proceeds to tell the rest of it:

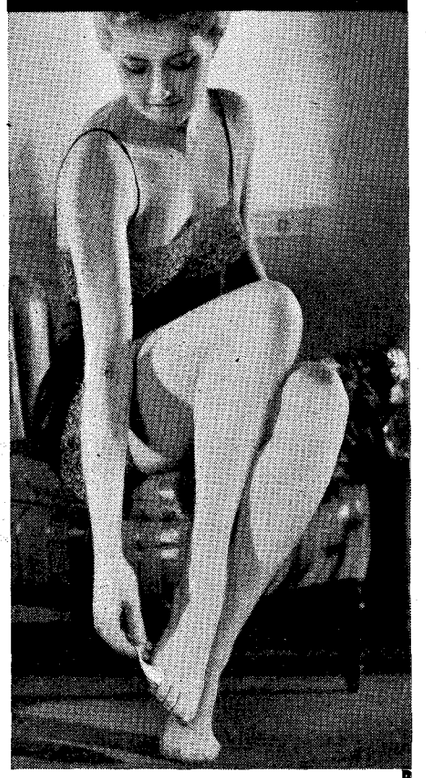
When I came to some hours later it was to find a sedate-looking Fijian lady—the Mbuli's wife—massaging my bruised face with one hand and holding a Bible from which she was reading in the other. An austere-faced white woman, whom I thought I recognized as the missionary's wife, was renewing a turtle-steak poultice upon one of the Honorable Bertie's rainbow-colored optics, while a Fijian in a long coat and black *sulu* was kneading out the cramp-knotted muscles in Tom's overworked calves. We were in the little mission hospital.

"The Reverend B—— and his wife have been working over you ever since sundown," said Bertie through a bandage. "It may comfort you to know that the Reverend has gone over to set the nose of your late opponent.

"Perhaps you don't recall landing a tap just before he hit you."

"Oh, that was what it was," I said, sinking back among the pillows.

This is how I remove a Corn



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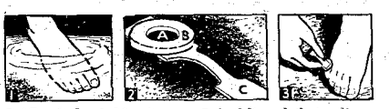

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The D'Artagnan of the Prize-Ring

WHILE THE BAND PLAYED "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," the mighty John L. Sullivan arrived in San Francisco.

"I can lick any man in the world," he roared, banging his terrible fist on every bar along the cocktail route.

At a gathering in his honor and for his benefit, relates John Kieran in the New York *Times*, the greatest of champion heavyweights "graciously consented to please the crowd by sparring a few rounds with a chap named James J. Corbett, a former bank clerk, who had taken to the ring and who was much fancied by his supporters as a boxer."

The great John L., who "liked to wear a high hat and a boiled shirt," stipulated that the bout should be a dress affair. He "couldn't be bothered to strip for a sparring exhibition with just another of these brash young fellows who wanted the honor of putting up their dukes against him. They would spar in their dress clothes, simply removing their coats."

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When Jim and His Wife Walloped the Croquet Balls

It was a four-round exhibition bout in the San Francisco Opera House. Politely the local stripling went through the motions of sparring with the Boston man-killer, landing a few taps and dancing away from his sledge-hammer weapons. And when it was over, young Jim Corbett whispered gleefully to his friend, William A. Brady:

"I know everything he's got, Bill—and I can beat him!"

Prophetic!

THE astounding Corbett-Sullivan battle of New Orleans was not far in the future.

To-day the world of sport—not only in America, but also in England, France, Germany, Italy, Australia, Argentina, South Africa, and other distant lands—is honoring "Gentleman Jim" Corbett with rhetorical wreaths. Here are some of the thoughts suggested by his passing, at the age of sixty-six:

He was the father of scientific boxing.
He died without a mark on his face.
He raised the tone of the fighting game.
He invented shadow-boxing.
He could feint with his eyebrows.
He was a good actor.
He was a good husband.
He was a good citizen.

Says the New York *Herald Tribune* in an editorial which sums up his personality and career:

The passing of James J. Corbett brings to a close the almost fabulous career of the man who, in the minds of many judges of such matters, was the most competent and graceful heavyweight pugilist who ever drew on the gloves. Certainly he was, over a long period, the most powerful single influence in giving the fight game a touch of respectability.

But he was more than that. He was strong and upright in character, a genial, engaging and remarkably popular personality.

Corbett will be missed by many persons in many places—by the ringside crowds at every important fight, by the loyal Giant rooters at the Polo Grounds, by his old friends at the club-house of the Friars, by the admiring commuters on the Port Washington branch of the Long Island Railroad, and by the children who worshiped him as he walked along the streets of Bayside.

Until his illness began to show its effects a year or so ago (and even then he would say cheerfully in his husky, confident barytone, "Oh, I'll be all right, boys"), it was difficult to believe, as one watched him swing along with his catlike steps, that this trim and youngish-looking fellow was really an old man, that he had in his time put up his fists against such immortals as John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson, James J. Jeffries, Charlie Mitchell, Robert Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Joe Choynski, and Kid McCoy.

IT seemed strange, we are told, that "here, still walking among mortals and looking like a middle-aged, athletic business man, was the old champ—the man whose coolness and science and cutting jabs sent the great Sullivan to the floor on that day in New Orleans forty-one years ago last September." Of that "battle of the century" we read on:

Was there ever a more sensational event in American sport than the defeat of the supposedly invincible Sullivan? Probably not. It was one of those things that couldn't happen, and all over the world the gentlemen of the fancy shook their heads in bewilderment.

Moreover, there was considerable resentment at this smashing of an idol. One of Corbett's favorite stories was of his meeting with an old Irish woman, years after the fight, and being introduced as "the man who knocked out John L. Sullivan."

"He had very little to do," sniffed the old woman.

Many felt the same way, but as the memory of the old champion faded Corbett became popular. All over the country boys were putting on gloves, sparring, feinting, bobbing, and weaving, all in emulation of "Gentleman Jim."

To pugilism, a sport which often is shot through with chicanery, racketeering, thuggery, and worse, Corbett brought a keen brain, a sense of decency, and an appreciation of the better side of what has been called by its devotees "the sweet science." He was, without doubt, the most respected man in the history of the ring. He would have been respected in any profession.

It is undoubtedly due to Corbett, says the New York *Evening Post*, that we have had Gene Tunney, and licensed boxing in vast arenas in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

Some of the sports writers credit Corbett with having made his most important conquest over his own temper, and they liken him to Bobby Jones in that particular. The mellowed ease that possest Corbett in the afternoon of his life is pointed out as a result of that self-conquest, and is contrasted with an acerbity and self-assertiveness which sometimes showed themselves in the earlier stages of his career.

Describing his fighting method as "cold and merciless,"

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W. O. McGeehan, in his *Herald Tribune* column, thus assesses the Sullivan-Corbett battle:

It changed the complexion of the ring game, and it revolutionized the theories of boxing and prize-fighting.

Once the idol was the "Strong Boy" who started from the tap of the gong to batter them into quick unconsciousness. This changed overnight. The ring followers began to recognize that a clever fighter also might be spectacular and effective. The school of clever fighting was born in New Orleans. Of this school James J. Corbett was the founder and the father, and, to my mind, the greatest and most courageous.

The Corbett-Sullivan fight makes Rickard's "Battle of the Century" at Boyle's Thirty Acres puny and ridiculous. Let us consider the comparative finances. For the ring drama at New Orleans, the fight that revolutionized the game, Corbett received the winner's end, the $25,000 purse. Sullivan, the dethroned king and the loser, received nothing.

When one considers Boyle's Thirty Acres, where Dempsey battered down the fragile Georges Carpentier before a crowd that paid $1,600,000 for the dullest anticlimax that fistiana ever produced, one realizes more and more what a drama that fight at New Orleans must have been and what a radiant figure the young Corbett must have been.

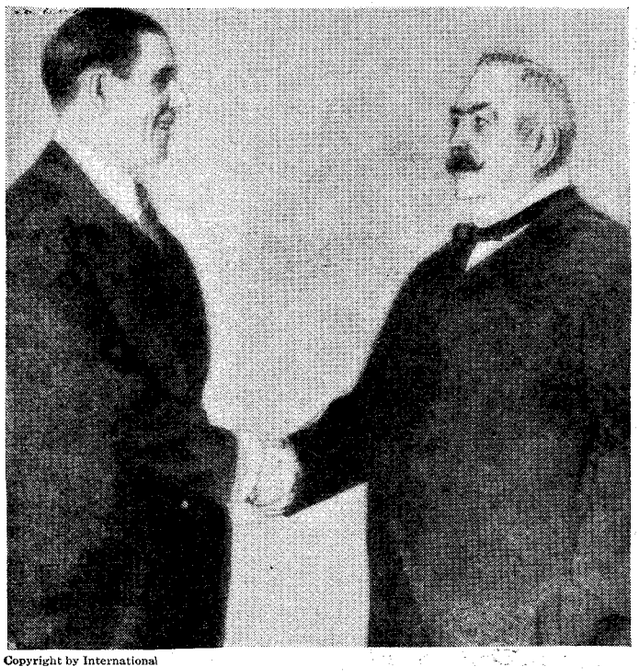
Go back to his earliest fight, the bout with Joe Choynski on the barge anchored off Benicia in the Straits of Carquinez in California. There was a story that would have moved Hazlitt to his best. This merely was by way of settling a neighborhood feud of old San Francisco. The purse, if any, was collected on board the barge. It might have been close to $1,000, for the sports of old California were free with their money. But every minute of the bout was action. It was one of those romantic fights.

At the last there was the fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons at Carson City, Nevada, on March 17, 1897. By this time the first few notes of ballyhoo were being sounded for the fight game, but the perquisites were not much. This time it was Corbett who was dethroned, and he got the loser's end of the purse.

There was another great ring drama, the dethronement of the conqueror of John L. Sullivan. Can you point out any of the latter-day spectacles that can be compared to it?

Another thing that the fight followers must remember is that Corbett met and beat "the black menace" of his time. He beat him fairly. For some reason John L. Sullivan's backers prevented the "Strong Boy" from meeting Peter Jackson. Corbett met him and beat him. They can never say that Corbett did not meet them all. On his record he was the greatest of his time, and since his time is regarded as the greatest time of the prize-ring, James J. Corbett must be at the end saluted as the greatest of the American heavyweight dynasty.

Jack Dempsey finished in the lesser games with a few millions. Gene Tunney is reputed to have acquired more than any professional athlete. They lived in a different age. Corbett, who made the greatest of the ring dramas, and who revolutionized ring customs and ring ideals finished with nothing much but his good humor and his memories. Never did he become bitter when comparisons were made. James J. Corbett never lost his good humor.



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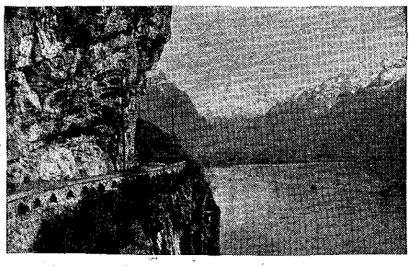
No Hard Feelings Between Jim and John

HAS the technique of pugilism declined from the high standards set by "Gentleman Jim"? Says Paul Gallico in the New York *Daily News:*

There is no prettier sight in boxing than the feint or the slip, and Corbett was a master at both. He used to complain as he sat at the ringside at our modern fights that feinting was a lost art, which, indeed, it is.

Corbett could feint with his legs, his arms and, for that matter, with his eyebrows. He used to try to teach some of the younger generation of boxers, but they hadn't the patience. Why trouble to learn the gentle and insinuating art of making another man open up, drop his guard, or step out of position? Step up and bust him one on the snoot, and open him up that way.

But Corbett was such a pretty boxer to watch—much like Jim Slattery in his prime. I never saw him in anything but friendly gymnasium exhibitions, but it was a treat to see him slip punches by pulling his head away a fraction of an inch. There was nothing that Corbett didn't know about the defensive side of the game. He was most certainly the man who did more than any one else to introduce boxing to the rough and brutal brawls of the old days. The brawls remained just as rough and brutal, but gained something of grace and beauty in the spectacle of a fine brain guiding a strong body to victory over nothing but pure force.



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Self-Help Prescribed for the Railroads

AFTER ALMOST EVERYBODY ELSE has had his say about the railroads there comes the long-awaited prescription of the National Transportation Committee. And the inclination is general on the part of the press to reduce the 15,000 words of the report to just two—"self-help."

The chief conclusions of the committee appointed by a group of railroad investors are summarized briefly on this page. Space forbids any lengthy quotation from the long and carefully phrased arguments of the committee originally headed by the late Calvin Coolidge.

But perhaps certain of the committee's remarks on railroad self-help should be noticed. The committee believes that in general the railroads "should adopt the competing methods of which they complain." It declares they should cooperate to reduce competitive expense by abandoning unnecessary services and by consolidating or by scrapping unnecessary terminal facilities, and by eliminating circuitous haulage. The committee feels that financial management and transportation methods and equipment should be improved and brought up to date. In view of what could be done by better management and of the fact that a 20 per cent. increase in traffic would put most roads on a paying basis, the committee can not help feeling that the prospect is far from hopeless.

The Transportation Committee's Conclusions

1. **Parallel railroad lines and systems are wasteful and unnecessary.**
2. **Regional consolidations should be hastened or enforced, looking eventually to a single national system.**
3. **Unprofitable railroad services should be replaced by cheaper alternative transport methods.**
4. **Railroads should be permitted to own and operate competing services.**
5. **Government assumption of costs of inefficient competing transport should be abandoned.**
6. **Automotive transportation should be put under such regulations as is necessary for public protection.**
7. **Rates, capitalization, salaries and wages, must all follow changing economic conditions but none should be sacrificed for the benefit of others.**
8. **Certain auxiliaries to air-traffic should be kept up at public expense, and air-transport should be encouraged during development stage, but every such service should ultimately pay its own way.**

As "emergency recommendations" the committee suggests revision of bankruptcy procedure, a retroactive repeal of the "recapture clause" of the Transportation Act, revision of the present rate-making rule, and a more liberal interpretation of the Reconstruction Finance Act as applying to loans to railroads.

ALFRED E. SMITH, while in substantial agreement with the rest of the committee, Messrs. Bernard Baruch, Clark Howell, and Alexander Legge, thinks it a good idea to present a supplementary memorandum stating his conclusions in his own language. He declares his belief that the effect of competition by air, water, pipe and highway lines upon the railroads has been exaggerated. He has the idea that the Interstate Commerce Commission has survived its usefulness, and favors its abolition and the creation in its place of a new department or bureau of transportation headed by one man. He thinks that banks, insurance companies, and other holders of railroad securities must realize that the times call for a scaling down of those securities—"the public will not stand for making them a preferred class of investors who must get 100 cents on a dollar, irrespective of the true value and condition of the business they have invested in, when values in all other fields are being readjusted and cut down." Mr. Smith believes there is much to be said for the theory that we are moving inevitably toward one national railroad system.

So far as immediate help is concerned the committee puts its chief emphasis on what the railroads can do for themselves, says *The Wall Street Journal*, while "its recommendations in respect to legislation look almost wholly toward the solution of fundamental problems over an indefinite but considerable stretch of time." Adds this financial daily:

> Immediately the railroads should adopt the competing methods of which they complain, cooperate to reduce competitive expense, abandon unnecessary services and facilities, eliminate circuitous haulage, improve their financial management, bring their methods and equipment up to date. Thus stript of qualifying phrases, the committee's program for immediate action is certainly calculated to jar railroad executives out of their self-complacency—if that is their present attitude. Innumerable shippers the country over, to say nothing of highway-carriers and makers of automotive-vehicles, believe that railroad managers are still too well satisfied with themselves, despite all the grief they have suffered the past three years."

THE important fact in the report, so the Milwaukee *Journal* opines, is that a serious group of thoughtful, conservative leaders propose "that the country has a right to stop paying through Government and stop paying through traffic charges for 'past mistakes as represented by present unwieldy debt structures.'" And *The Journal* finds here "a sign that our present capital organization may be taken apart and put together more honestly, without the need of first smashing things; the thought is a powerful beam of light shining through the murk that has surrounded us."

Taking together the report and the more radical Smith statement, the Brooklyn *Eagle* thinks that it all "presupposes the creation of a definite national railroad policy based on public needs and disregarding all the special interests that now bedevil the whole railroad situation." In *The Eagle's* opinion:

> The chief obstacles in the way of such a clear-cut solution are the railroad managements, the holders of railroad securities, and politicians who are unable to think along broad lines. All of these interests are now concentrating their efforts on salvaging the railroads and the money invested in them. This can not be done by raising rates or by more government loans.
>
> Railroad managements must learn that the old game is up; that they must modernize and unify their systems. Investors in railroad securites must realize, as Mr. Smith points out, that they can not be treated as a preferred class of investors when values in all other fields are being readjusted and cut down.
>
> What will come of this report we do not know. If President-elect Roosevelt could induce Congress to take this survey as the basis for prompt legislation, it would do far more to relieve the railroads and to stabilize conditions than most of the schemes for manipulating the financial and debt structure now being brought forward.

BUT prompt legislation is not expected by such an authority as J. C. Royle, who writes in one of his Washington letters on business subjects that "there are now in Congress and will be in Congress after March 4, sufficient legislators who are opposed to the ideas outlined by the committee to check effectively the passage of the measures indicated for a long time to come."

The New York *Journal of Commerce* finds a good deal of significance in the suggestion of an eventual single railway system. This means a departure from the theory of regulation for the maintenance of competition which is embodied in the Transportation Act of 1920. *The Journal of Commerce* thinks that consummation of this program "as regards railroads would seem to open the door to further amalgamations pointing to the ultimate evolution of a transportation monopoly under government regulation."

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"Depression-Proof" Trade Marks

WE used to hear about "depression-proof" industries and stocks in the earlier years of deflation.

In those days, as C. C. Bailey reminds us in *The Financial World*, "it was conceived that those companies which manufactured and distributed trade-marked, packaged products of the consumers' goods category occupied a well-nigh impregnable position through controlled price policies and national and sectional advertising programs."

Obviously, not even these concerns can claim a real "depression-proof" status. But Mr. Bailey thinks that it is now time to see whether they are not better off than the general run of business. So he has compiled a five-year earning record of ten important companies for which reports are available, and which measure up to the description in the last paragraph. They represent such products as foods, beverages, chewing-gum, and tobacco. Their record is compared with the showing of a large number of companies representing all kinds of industry except railroads and utilities. Incidentally, the 1932 figure is necessarily partly estimated, but "the degree of accuracy is quite sufficient for our purposes." In each series the 1928 total net income is taken as 100, and the results for the four succeeding years are exprest relative to this base. And here is the comparison:

NET EARNINGS IN RELATIVES OF 1928

Year	*All Industry*	*Trade-marked Products*
1928	100	100
1929	135	112
1930	70	117
1931	39	111
1932	2	90

It is at once apparent to Mr. Bailey "that the trade-mark products of packaged consumers' goods have almost justified their appellation of 'depression-proof' as applied to net earnings, particularly as compared with the record of all industrial and business companies." He says:

One of the most interesting facts brought out by these figures is that earnings of this special group reached their peak in 1930 instead of in 1929; and altho 1932 represents a decline of about 23 per cent. from that point, it is only 10 per cent. below 1928, unquestionably a very good year.

The divergence from all industry, measured in points of difference in the relatives, emphasizes strongly this contrast. Starting even in 1928, the trade-marked products group fell behind all industry in 1929 by 23 points in the table, for the reason that other groups reflected much more strikingly in earnings the influence of boom conditions.

But in 1930 the momentum of the trade-marked products was still evident while other groups were already following a steep downtrend in earnings, and the divergence was reversed in favor of the selected group, and increased to 47 points. This trend continued in 1931, further increasing the favorable divergence of this group to 72 points; and in 1932 the drop in earnings of all industry almost to the vanishing-point widened the spread to 88 points.

This record suggests a corollary to the principle of resistance to the downtrend of a depression, to the effect that a more moderate rate of earnings recovery in this group will attend the recovery phase of the business cycle than for industry as a whole.

When it comes to the stock-market angle, Mr. Bailey admits that the trade-mark group does not make quite such a notable record. However, he does find that the market record of a number of individual stocks in this group is better than that of industry as a whole, tho not so very much better. And so concludes:

In respect to both earnings and market prices, the trade-marked products group has given a better performance than industry as a whole, altho its stock market record can hardly be argued to justify characterizing these issues as "depression-proof" in a severe economic dislocation.

Five Hopes in New Industries

MANY people are wondering what new industries are going to pull us out of this depression, as new industries have put an end to depressions of the past.

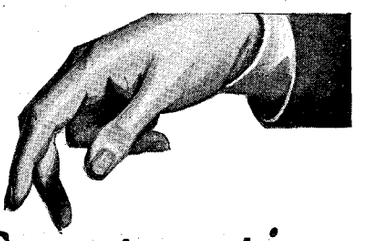
The industries which promise the greatest help, in the opinion of the Administrative and Research Corporation, are these:

1. Air-conditioning—bringing to every home, office, and shop the most healthful temperature and humidity of cleansed air.
2. Modern home construction—mass production of scientifically designed homes for America's inadequately housed majority.
3. Television—a duplication of the growth of radio broadcasting.
4. Transoceanic aviation—making a week-end in Paris possible, or a trip to London, via the stratosphere, in a few hours eventually.
5. Farming for industry—producing materials for automobile tires, artificial leather, new plastic construction, and many other things, with the aid of laboratory research.

Ralph Hendershot, financial editor of the New York *World-Telegram*, who quotes this list in his daily column, thinks it perfectly safe to assume that our great corporations have been going right ahead with their research work during the last three years, only, "the results of their efforts have been hidden in many instances, due largely to a lack of credit for promotional work." But when conditions permit the marketing of the new devices "the American public may be surprized at the strides made in industry, and a somewhat different view on the outlook may result."

Of course, says Mr. Hendershot, all the things mentioned had as a matter of fact been introduced to the public before the depression got under way. However—

They had not been developed to any marked degree, and it is quite possible that those who have these things in charge may shortly feel justified in beginning again where the depression, more or less, forced them to halt operations.



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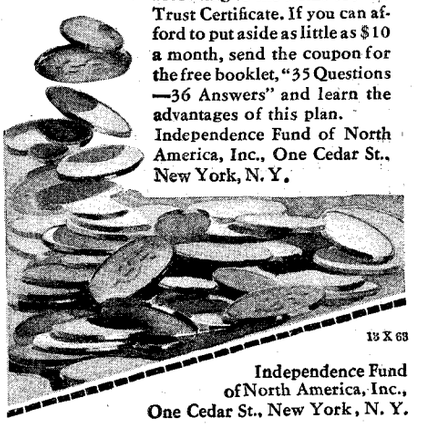

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Your cough will be cured only when you increase the flow of your throat's *natural moisture*, loosening the phlegm so it can be expelled. Avoid cough "remedies" containing drugs which merely "deaden" the nerves . . . but don't get at the real root of the trouble!

PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of throat moisture and brings quick relief naturally.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION—*Continued*

How Diseases Change

OUR DISEASES ALTER in the course of centuries, like ourselves and our customs.

Those of to-day are not altogether those of antiquity; some have vanished, and others have come to take their places.

So, at any rate, says Dr. Gottfried Stiasny, who writes in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipsic). He says:

"The great Greek and Roman physicians have furnished perfect descriptions of many forms of disease that are still thoroughly familiar to us. Some of them, such as pneumonia, typhoid fever and leprosy, date back, no doubt, as far as civilization.

"But some new diseases have made their appearance, others have vanished without leaving a trace, and others have more or less changed their character, almost under the eyes of the physician. Not even of syphilis is it known by any means how long it has been raging. While some scholars assert that they have found a clear description of syphilitic symptoms as far back as the Bible, others consider it a European disease dating from the discovery of America. At any rate, its appearance as a terrible scourge occurred suddenly in the fifteenth century, after the siege of Naples by the French army.

"Of course, we must take into consideration here two important factors: on the one hand, the advance of medical science with ever increasing potentialities for observation, on the other hand, the extermination, due to sanitary measures, of the most dangerous epidemic diseases: the plague, small-pox, typhoid fever, relapsing-fever, etc.

"But even with this reservation, it seems almost inconceivable that at the present day we simply do not know certain forms of disease which only a relatively short time ago were frequently observed. Thus, for example, the 'sweating sickness' was minutely described in medical works only a hundred years ago as a common disease. To all appearances, it was contagious and involved excessive perspiration. Nowadays, however, we can make nothing of these very detailed and thorough descriptions. The disease has become 'extinct.'

"Chlorosis, which until the war was an extremely frequent disease of young girls, is now practically never seen. Physicians are at a loss how to explain this. Is it due to sports, or to the great amount of outdoor life that the present generation enjoys; or are internal secretory influences to be taken into account? Only hypotheses may be assumed to explain this strange fact."

AGAIN, gout, once so widespread, is reported by Dr. Stiasny to be disappearing, and in some places to be almost extinct. He finds a partial explanation in the distress of the post-war period and quotes the old proverb: "Wine the father, food the mother, Venus the midwife—make the gout." He proceeds:

"Many countries have reported an increasing number of malignant tumors in the post-war periods. Of course, on the one hand, improved diagnosis may account for this fact, and on the other hand, the longer duration of life, which gives many people, who formerly would have died at an earlier age, a chance at the present time 'to live through their cancer.' Good observers, however, stress again and again the striking increase of cancerous affections in their practice. It seems certain that this increase is also connected with the stoppage of blood-vessels, which in recent years has everywhere increased, but a clear cause has not yet been found.

"In the last few years, new forms of disease have been described, some of which present such typical manifestations that it is hardly conceivable that all physicians should have failed to notice them until now. Some names may suffice here: Feer's disease, Pfeiffer's glandular fever, agranulozytosis, etc.

"Of greatest interest also are the changes which prevalent forms of disease undergo in the course of a few decades. Thus, all older physicians agree that nowadays acute articular rheumatism takes quite a different course from what it did at the end of the last century. Only to a limited extent may such changes in a form of disease be traced to different methods of treatment. For instance, the treatment of scarlet fever has changed but little, and yet, at the present time, the illness is much milder than in earlier decades.

"Diphtheria, too, has changed its character. Somewhat rashly, a few authors even give the credit for the results of the diphtheria serum to this generally milder course of the illness.

"Just as in the processes of nature in general, everything is also variable in the coming and going of diseases. Old diseases become extinct or are annihilated; new ones come into existence. The pictures change under our eyes. All we can do is to look on, and with amazement register the change. Of the 'how' and 'wherefore,' we know but little or naught."

Doing the "Impossible"

DR. WALTER FRANKLIN PRINCE, well-known Research Officer of the Boston Society for Psychic Research, has made another experimental contribution to the study of human credulity and prejudice.

Dr. Prince, we are told by Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York), asked 180 educated and competent persons the following question:

"If a person grasps firmly the corner of a handkerchief by and between the thumb and forefinger of one hand, and the diagonally opposite corner of the handkerchief by and between the thumb and forefinger of his other hand, can he, without lifting, shifting the location on the handkerchief, or relaxing the pressure of any thumb or forefinger in the slightest, by any normal means cause a real overhand knot to come in the handkerchief on the line between the two hands?"

THE reader is advised by Dr. Free to pause at this point and ask himself this question. He says:

"Most people will answer 'No'; which is what all of Dr. Prince's correspondents did, with the exception of a few whose answers were doubtful or not understandable. Yet this can be done without involving spiritualism or anything else abnormal, by what Dr. Prince calls 'tying a knot in the arms and slipping it down on the handkerchief.' First, Dr. Prince directs, lay the handkerchief, stretched out straight by the diagonally opposite corners, on a table and near its edge. Then fold the arms so that the left hand protrudes over the right arm and the right hand protrudes under the left arm. Stoop and grasp the right extremity of the handkerchief, so placed on the table, with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and, keeping these rigidly in place, then grasp the left extremity of the handkerchief with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. Now simply unfold the arms and draw them apart. The knot will be formed, precisely in accordance with the directions."

"Bumpy Air"

"BUMPINESS" is such a common experience of the aviator that, in England, a numerical scale has been devised for recording the extent to which it prevails in the atmosphere at any time and place. The scale runs: 0, no bumps; 1, slight bumps; 2, occasional bumps; 3, bumpy; 4, very bumpy; 5, exceptionally bumpy.

Says Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his Science Service feature *Why the Weather?* (Washington):

"Bumpiness is sometimes due to vertical currents set up as a result of irregular heating of the earth's surface, such as the contrast between a green field and a tract of bare ground strongly heated by sunshine. Sometimes it is due to eddies and other irregularities caused in the horizontal flow of air by hills and mountains. Lastly, sometimes it is an incident of a squall or thunderstorm, regardless of the state and configuration of the ground. The jolt experienced by aircraft in bumpy air is described as a 'bump,' and if it is due to irregular heating of the ground it is sometimes termed a 'heat bump.'

"Heat bumps can often be traced to very small features of the ground. Thus, according to *The Monthly Weather Review:* 'Roads, railroads, edges of plowed fields, forest edges and clearings, barn roofs, hangars, ditches, borders of swamps, shore lines all give bumps, which can be identified generally up to 700 or 800 feet, and on calm days occasionally to 2,500 and even 3,500 feet or more. The bumps associated with macadam roads and other hot places are not necessarily directly over the road, but to leeward at a distance depending on the velocity of the wind and the height of the airplane.'"

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

croker-sack.—"W. W. W.," Montgomery, Ala.—This term designates a bag made of burlap, or coarse brown hemp; gunny-bag.

The origin of the word is obscure; but is probably directly derived from the noun *croker*, a cultivator or seller of saffron. The saffron is derived from the stigmas of the autumn crocus; in fact, saffron-plant and crocus are interchangeable names of the same plant. A *croker*, then, was a cultivator or seller of crocus, in the sixteenth century. The *crocus-bag* was known at the end of the seventeenth century, and it is a fair deduction that our present *croker-bag* or *sack* is the same thing—a bag carried by *crokers* and filled with *crocus*.

Nazi.—"B. F. G.," Martinsville, Va.—The abbreviation *Nazi*, as applied to the members of the National Socialist Party of Germany, altho coined, is the literal pronunciation of the first two syllables of the word National. In German, the word is pronounced *na-tzi-o-nal'*. *Nazi* is also pronounced *na'tzi:* that is, *nah'tzee*.

rath; bad, badly.—"G. H.," Dallas, Ore.—The adjective *rath* (or the variant spelling, *rathe*) is now characterized as obsolete, tho it may still be found in some of the English dialects and as a poetical term. According to the dictionary, the word means: "1. Early; youthful. 2. Swift; quick. 3. Relating to the forenoon or the early part of the afternoon." The adjective is regularly compared—*rather, rathest*. The term occurs in Scott's "Rokeby": "Where . . . the *rathe* primrose decks the mead"; also in Lowell's "Fable for Critics": "A single anemone, trembly and *rathe*"; and in Coleridge's "Poems": "A *rathe* December blights my lagging May."

In regard to the uses of the words *bad* and *badly*, to express the idea of ailing in health, "feel bad" is correct. "Feel bad" is synonymous with "feel ill." *Feel badly* is correct when the intention is to convey the idea that one's power of touch is defective, as through a mishap to the fingers.

spine; vertebra.—"G. M. M.," Great Falls, Mont.—*Spine* is from the Latin *spina*, which was used with the meanings "thorn, prickle, backbone." In the sense of spinal column, the word *spine* may be traced to a work on surgery by Lanfranc, printed about the year 1400.

The word *vertebra* was taken bodily into English from the Latin, spelling and all. Its root is the Latin word *verto*, meaning "to turn."

stivver, staving.—"W. F. G.," State College, Pa.—The phrase referred to, "to *stiver* through," meaning "to press forward against obstacles" is derived from the French *estiver*, from the Italian *stivare*, "to crowd, pack tightly," from the Latin *stipare*, "to press together, cram, stuff." The Latin term has been used to designate a condition of being "pressed together, as a phalanx engaged in battle." From this, we have had, in Middle English, *steeve*, sometimes spelled *stive*, an adjective, meaning "firm, unyielding, and strong." Among the Scots, the form has been, and is still, *steive*, and it is used as an adjective for "stiff, firm, strong, true, and good."

The spelling *stiver* occurs in the English dialects side by side with *stiver*, and has been found in the dialects of Kent, Sussex, Somerset, Devon, and of the Isle of Wight. In Devon, it occurs chiefly in the northern part of the county. In all of these, the word means "to drive against; stand up against," as in the sentence "Darn'd if Jim didn't *stiver* up to him well." Locally, the word is applied also to temperament as well as to hair, and is used for "anger" and "bristling"; an angry man is said to be *stivvered*.

In regard to "*staving* along," as with the aid of a staff, only dialectal sources can be quoted. Among the Scots, "to *stave* along" is to move quickly and noisily, as if one were clamping step by step. *Stave* occurs also, among the Scots, with the sense of push or drive. The meaning "to move quickly and noisily" is common also to the dialects of Cumberland and Yorkshire in the north of England and, oddly enough, also in the county of Cornwall. The distance between these two regions is so great that the only conclusion that we can arrive at is that some Scots migrated to Cornwall, and carried the term with them.

Cornish being related to Breton, and Middle Cornish literature being like Middle Breton literature, it would not be surprizing to find that the term was related to the French *estiver* mentioned above.

swan-song.—"R. L. N.," Munday, Tex.—The term *swan-song* designates "a last or dying work, as of a poet or composer; in allusion to the song a swan is fabled to sing when dying."

sward; swap, swop.—"W. K.," Newark, N. J.—*Sward* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *sweard*, "skin," which was in turn derived from the Middle Low German *swarde*, "thick, hairy skin," especially the scalp of man or the skin of pig. The meaning "turf" was a gradual development, being first used as "*sward* of the earth."

The verb *swap*, meaning "to strike," and the adverb derived from it, are now obsolete. The origin is presumed to have been onomatopoeic. The first record of the use of the word in English was in the middle of the 14th century.

The origin of the verb *swap* (or *swop*), meaning "to exchange," has not been traced. The usage did not come into the written language until the last quarter of the 18th century.

syndrome.—"L. C. A.," Washington, D. C.—The correct pronunciation is *sin'dro-mi*—first *i* as in *hit*, *o* as in *obey*, and final *i* as in *police*. Buchanan (1766) and Perry (1805) gave the pronunciation without the final *e*, but this is not recorded in modern dictionaries.

Titian.—"D. D. M.," Wilmington, N. C.—The Venetian painter, Titian—or Tiziano Vecellio, to give him his real name—was remarkable for the success he had in portraying a certain shade of hair known as bright auburn. It may be found in his paintings, *Ariadne*, *The Magdalon*, and *Flora*. The exact shade is not often seen, and in recent years it has been designated as *titian* to distinguish it from auburn or red, or other variations of those shades. Sometimes the term is used loosely as meaning any shade of red hair.

toff.—"M. B.," New York City.— The English slang word *toff* is defined in the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY as, "A fop; beau; dandy." The word came into use about 1850, and is presumed to be a corruption of the earlier word *tuft*, which had been in use for the previous century as the designation of a student of noble rank. Such students at that time were distinguished from their fellow students by a gold tuft or tassel which they wore on their caps.

to let alone, leave alone.—"W. C. W.," Trenton, N. J.—These two forms of the same idiom may be traced back to the early fifteenth century. The use of either expression to-day is thoroughly substantiated.

turnpike.—"R. S. K.," Blanchester, Ohio.—The *turnpike*, according to a description of 1704, was a barrier set across a road or passage for defense against sudden attack, and was literally a series of pikes—that is, lances—affixed as a barrier to turn the attack; a chevaux-de-frise. From earlier accounts, however, it does not appear that the construction was in the nature of a horizontal chevaux-de-frise, but rather that of a turnstile, in which the bars were sharpened pikes that would effectually bar the passage of a horseman. The later use of *turnpike* in the sense of a barbed or spiked gate, to turn footmen and mounted men, leads to the inference that both types of barriers were employed.

By the seventeenth century, the barrier had taken the form of a gate and, tho still called a *turnpike*, was placed across a road to stop passage until a toll for the use of the road had been paid; a toll-gate. A road so barred was known as a *turnpike road*. In the United States, the national highway running west from Washington through southern Ohio was just such a turnpike road. By the middle of the eighteenth century the road itself, by ellipsis, was called the *turnpike*. By still further ellipsis, this has been shortened to *pike*. Now when we say, "Tom has just gone down the pike," we have no thought of toll-gates. More remote yet is the thought of lances set to bar a passage. We mean merely that Tom has gone down the main highway.

Uranus.—"W. R. L.," Pittsburgh, Pa.—The correct pronunciation of this name is *yu'ra-nus*—first *u* as in *rule*, *a* as in *final*, last *u* as in *but*.

Vatsyayana; Babhravya.—"R. H. H.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Vatsyayana* means "writings of Vatsya." *Vatsya* was a Hindu scholar who wrote in Sanskrit. He lived at the beginning of the Christian era; wrote *Kama Sutra*, or Aphorisms of Love, which is the standard on social and domestic life and love in that language. He is said to have composed it when a student of religion at Benares. He was known under the name Malla Naga.

Babhra is an epithet of Krishna or Vishnu or Siva. The suffix *-vya* means "belonging to."

won't.—"H. B. Y.," Evanston, Ill.—The contraction *won't*, contracted from the Middle English *woll not*, is still regarded as a colloquialism; that is, peculiar to common speech as distinguished from literary usage. The contraction is always written with an apostrophe.

wuthering.—"R. G.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The verb *wuther* is used in some parts of England with the meaning, "to make a sullen roar; rustle, as the wind in the trees." *Wuthering Heights* would, therefore, mean highlands where the wind roars sullenly, or high land where there is a sullen roaring, or merely high land where the trees rustle in the wind.

w; y.—"H. A. D.," Bernardsville, N. J.—Goold Brown in his "Grammar of English Grammars" wrote: "*W* or *y* is called a consonant when it precedes a vowel heard in the same syllable; as in *wine, twine, whine; ye, yet, youth*. In all other cases these letters are vowels; as in *Yssel, Ystadt, yttria; newly, dewy, eyebrow*."

30.—"H. G. C.," Atlanta, Ga.—In the early days of telegraphy, this symbol became current as designating the end of a dispatch or message. It was also adopted by printers to indicate the last sheet, or word, or line of copy. By extension, the term was employed to denote the end, the last of a person—the death. "The Final Call of 30" means "The Final Call of Death."

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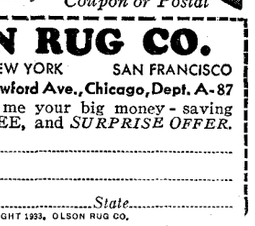

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Triumph of Hope Over Experience.—The prize optimist these days is the pickpocket.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

When Maude Gets Left.—"Doesn't that mule ever kick you?"

"No, sah, he ain't yet, but he frequently kicks de place where Ah recently was."—*Associated Magazine.*

All Quiet Amidships.—"I'm planning to travel on one of those stabilized steamships."

"It will cost you more."

"Maybe, but expenses aren't what I have to keep down on my sea trips."—*Boston Transcript.*

Chapter and Verse.—"My wife has the worst memory I ever heard of."

"Forgets everything, eh?"

"No; remembers everything."—*El Paso World News.*

Just Fade Away.—PERSISTENT TRAMP (successful at last)—"Thank yer, lady. Is there anything I can do by way of return?"

HOUSEWIFE (shortly)—"Yes—don't."—*Answers.*

Watch Your Buttons.—Lace will be a feature of the new season's dance frocks, we read. From our experience on crowded floors we feel it is simply bound to catch on.—*The Humorist (London).*

When Fiction Fails.—YOUNG AUTHOR—"The art in telling a story consists of knowing what to leave unsaid."

MARRIED ROUNDER—"It doesn't make any difference, my boy. My experience is that she finds out, anyway."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

He'd Kissed the Blarney Stone.—TRAMP—"But, lady, every Christmas for twenty-five years I've received something from this house—since before you were born."

MISS FORTYODD—"Oh, well, that's different. I'll see what I can do."—*Dublin Opinion.*

Argument for a Pent-house.—The birth centenary of Eiffel, builder of the famous Paris tower, recalled to a Liverpool *Post* writer this story concerning William Morris.

During the English poet-artist's last visit to Paris he spent much of his time in the Eiffel Tower Restaurant, having all his meals and doing all his writing there.

"You must be very much imprest by the tower," a friend remarked to him.

"Imprest!" cried Morris. "I stay here because it is the only place in Paris where I can avoid seeing the d—— thing."—*Boston Transcript.*

Smearing Up an Alibi.—MR. ROUNDER (arriving home after midnight)—"I'm tired. I've had my nose to the grindstone since early morning."

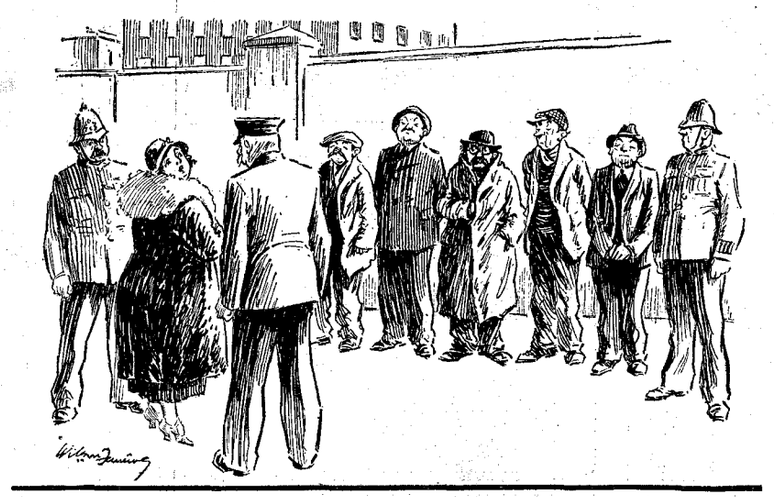
WIFE—"Then you'd better get a grindstone that doesn't get rouge, lipstick, and powder all over you."—*Border Cities Star.*

Simple Arithmetic.—During History class the teacher asked, "What happened in 1483?"

"Luther was born," answered a student promptly.

"Correct! What happened in 1487?"

After a long pause, "Luther was four years old."—*Annapolis Log.*



Lady (at identification parade to discover bag-snatcher): "I'm afraid I shall not be much good at this. I never seem able to pick the winner in any competitions." —"The Humorist" (London).

What Strachey Missed.—Sir Walter Raleigh, with a flourish, spreads his new cloak over the mud-puddle. Newsreel cameras click, and a man in the crowd faints.

"It's his tailor," whispers the jealous Essex to Queen Elizabeth. "Walt hasn't paid for that cloak."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Song-and-Dance Team.—

Blank's daughter is a flapper
From her heart out to her wrapper,
She's classified as Beautiful but Dumb;
Blank's son is little better,
He obeys dad to the letter,
But a no-good, that is, Dutiful but Bum.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

One Whopper Breeds Another.—A soldier went to his colonel and asked for leave to go home to help his wife with the spring house-cleaning.

"I don't like to refuse you," said the colonel, "but I've just received a letter from your wife saying that you are no use around the house."

The soldier saluted and turned to go. At the door he stopt:

"Colonel, there are two persons in this regiment who handle the truth loosely, and I'm one of them. I'm not married."—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Perfectly Homelike.—Front room, suitable for two ladies, use of kitchen or two gentlemen.—*Hartford Times.*

Patched Up at the Dressing Station.—They do pretty well. They evoke laughter here and there by clever flashes of wit and bandage.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Whiffs From the Past.—A table brought to America on the *Mayflower*, and a bulkhead odor from the U. S. S. *Maine* were among 2,337 gifts the Chicago Historical Society received last year.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Chow Mein de Luxe.—A large assortment of especially prepared Chinese in fancy gift boxes will be offered at attractive prices.—*San Luis Obispo (Cal.) paper.*

Where She Wore It.—The beautiful deb was attired in an imported creation of jade-green crêpe trimmed with écru lace around the punch-bowl.—*Beacon (N. Y.) paper.*

Rude Jack Frost.—Douglas Gold made a hurried trip to Cut Bank Monday and was caught in the blizzard. He left his ear there and returned via the Great Northern.—*Browning (Mont.) paper.*

Rivals the Pork Bar'l.—

LARGEST WINE CASK

It takes thirty-five men about three months to paint the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and 4,300 pounds of paint are mixed for the task.—*Riverside (Cal.) paper.*

The Root of the Trouble.—We invite you to make 1933 your church year. Attend service every Sunday. It will pay you richly. In cash? Yes, but also in the abundance of living.

"Righteousness exhausteth a nation."—*North Dakota paper.*

Hats for Heroines.—

125 POPULAR HATS

Full 3 ft. 6 in. size. Two passenger models. Durable, angle-iron construction, enamelled frame. Single bearing. Squeakless. And 1000 lb. test. A real buy—$1.25.—*Detroit Shopping News.*

Houdini Stunt.—The dining-room of the Redwood Falls Armory was well filled with American Legion members, Company "L" members and some invited guests, who all partook of a generous beef supper, the occasion being the result of a rabbit hunt.—*Redwood Falls (Minn.) paper.*

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